

6 PERIODICAL

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7 1949

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# PUNCH



DECEMBER  
7  
1949

Vol. CCXVII  
No. 5689

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Created for those who value distinction and look for an unusual degree of quality in their toilet accessories . . . Cussons Imperial Leather, Apple Blossom, and Linden Blossom Toilet Powders and the famous White Cross Baby Powder.

## TOILET POWDERS BY

**Cussons**

MAKERS OF IMPERIAL LEATHER TOILET LUXURIES

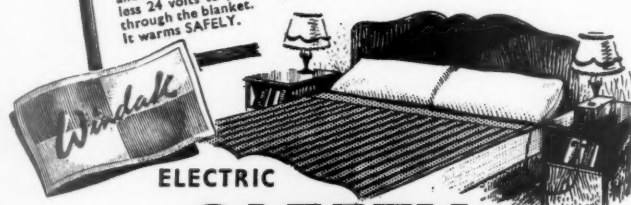


*Warm in bed  
with a WINDAK*

Who wouldn't relish the cosy comfort of an electrically heated bed blanket on winter nights—the luxury of all-over-the-bed warmth?

Simply set the control by your bed and the WINDAK electrically heated bed blanket will maintain the desired heat as long as you require it. You can sleep on it as there is no danger from the harmless voltage which passes through the blanket.

We shall be pleased to send you the name of your nearest stockist.

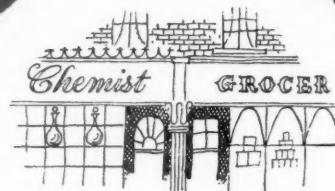


ELECTRIC

**SAFETY** *blanket*

WINDAK LTD., WOODSIDE, POYNTON, CHESHIRE

JN 810



*Here, there and . . .*

. . . not yet everywhere, though there's a lot more Lembar about. Invalid Lembar with Glucose Content, for the ill and queasy, Beverage Lembar for the hale and canny. Made from lemon juice and barley, deliciously sweetened, Lembar has a soothing way with temperatures, inside or out.

RAYNER'S

**Lembar**

*Invalid Lembar from Chemists only.  
Beverage Lembar from Grocers  
and Wine Merchants.*

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LTD. · LONDON · N.18



*Made by ABDULLA for those  
who prefer the American style of blend*

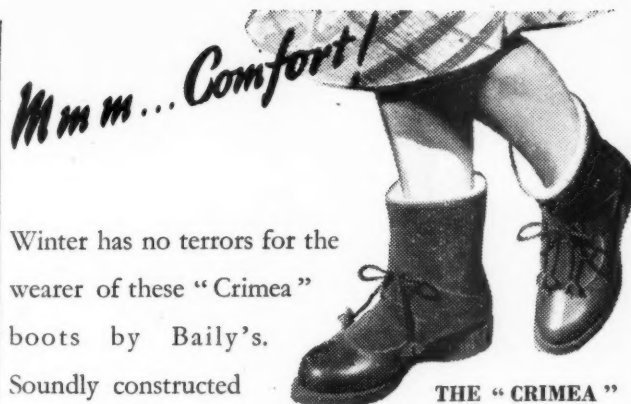


If anything can undermine the dear child's determination *not* to help dry up — it's an Old Bleach Pantry Cloth. It looks so clean and gay, and, as it's made of pure Irish linen, it's absorbent and gets the job done so that he can get out to his playmates quickly. Cheer up your family life with some of these gaily striped affairs.

ALL DRY WITH

**OLD BLEACH** PANTRY CLOTHS

*Old Bleach Linen Co Ltd, Randalstown, Northern Ireland*



Winter has no terrors for the wearer of these "Crimea" boots by Baily's.

Soundly constructed **THE "CRIMEA"** from the very finest materials and lined throughout with real sheepskin their graceful design makes them suitable for both Town and Country wear. Baily's attractive new range covers Utility and non-Utility styles and all have real sheepskin linings.

Write to-day for our new illustrated brochure and name of your nearest stockist to:—

**Baily's**  
Glastonbury

**A. BAILY & CO. LTD. (Ref. Z), GLASTONBURY, SOMERSET.**

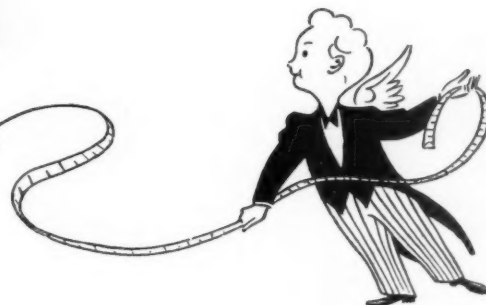
Ankle fit



**KAYSER BONDOR**

full fashioned stockings

In Nylon, Silk, Chiffon Lisle and Style 55







From the earliest days of domestic history, good household linen has been the subject of great pride and for generations housewives have been proud to say their sheets, pillowcases and towels were made by Horrockses. The name commands respect in every woman's mind and shall ever stand for quality the world over.

## Horrockses

*the Greatest Name in Cotton*

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES · TOWELS · DRESS GOODS · FURNISHINGS · ETC.

Hilmer  
HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

so absolutely  
right...



so obviously

*Tudorose*

We look forward to the time when the "Women of England" will be able to share the joys of wearing these exquisite stockings.



## TUDOROSE

FULLY FASHIONED STOCKINGS

IN PURE SILK, RAYON AND NYLON

Some visitors never know when to go. And you've heard that story of the visit to Dinard so often before. But at last the place is your own once more, and as you sink to rest in the arms of your recaptured favourite chair, you murmur "I really must get another Parker-Knoll."



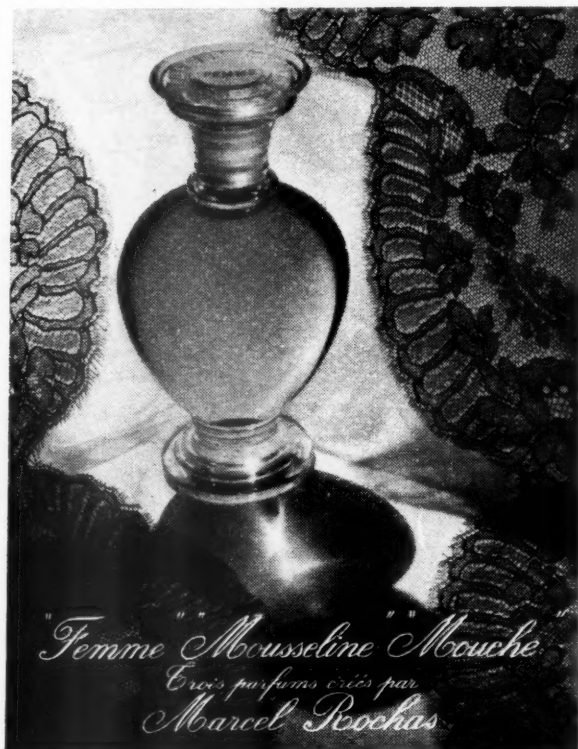
*The  
ROMSEY  
Model*

Ask to see it at your local furnisners. To be sure you get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

## Parker-Knoll

PARKER-KNOLL LIMITED · TEMPLE END · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS

CTB 25



*"Femme Mouseline Mouché"*  
Crée parfums créés par  
Marcel Rochas

Now obtainable in England from our exclusively appointed agents.

*Exclusive Importers:*

PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS (ENGLAND) Ltd., 56 Grosvenor St., Mayfair, W.1



Beautiful experience . . . . your first **Lustron** wave—totally  
 different from any you've ever known. **Lustron** is absolutely  
 heatless and machineless . . . . so  
 simple . . . . yet ensuring soft, longer-lasting waves. Let your  
 next, and every, permanent wave be **Lustron**, and  
 see your hair as lovely as you wish it.



*The Professional Cold Wave*



**-Christmas Presents-**

**Write for  
 illustrated catalogue  
 of**

**Scarves  
 by**

**Jacqmar**

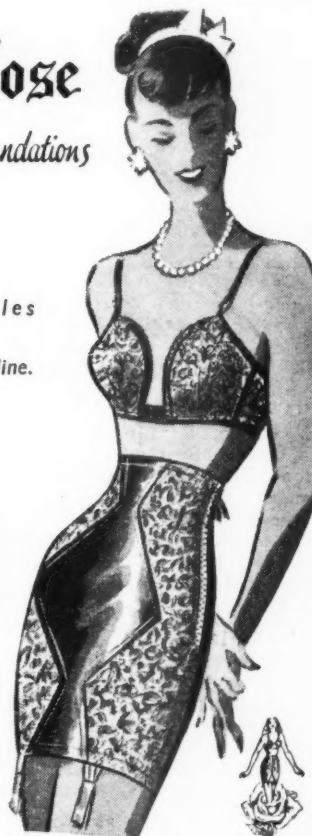
**16, Grosvenor Street London.W.I.**

**English Rose**  
*the flower of modern foundations*

Two new  
 fashion-perfect styles  
 giving a  
 petal-smooth, sapling-slim line.

Wired bra with deeply plunging  
 line, elegantly styled in satin and  
 fine embroidered net. Clear  
 separation and perfect moulding,  
 even for the fuller figure.

A cunningly designed, almost  
 seamless, lace elastic girdle with  
 vertical-stretch satin elastic  
 diamond panels which mould  
 mid-riff, waist and hips in one  
 superlatively smooth line.



**SAY NOILLY PRAT**  
AND YOUR *French* WILL BE PERFECT!



To give your drink the perfect French accent you simply must have Noilly Prat. Dry, subtle and so robust, Noilly Prat is the name that has made French Vermouth famous throughout the world.

**NOILLY PRAT**  
REAL *French* VERMOUTH

IMPORTED BY WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 3 LIME STREET, E.C.3



"Look what  
Santa's brought  
for you  
Mummy"

SANTA CLAUS will be very popular this year if he brings Mummy a new Hoover Cleaner. But, of course, it must be a Hoover because it does so much more than ordinary vacuum cleaners. It keeps carpets clean and colourful — *prolongs their life, too!*

**Note for Dad!** She deserves the best, so give Santa Claus a helping hand. See your Hoover Dealer *now*. Prices, complete with cleaning tools, from 10 gns. to 22 gns. (plus tax). Hire Purchase available.

*The*  
**HOOVER**  
REGD. TRADE MARK CLEANER

It BEATS...at it Sucks...at it Cleans

HOOVER LIMITED · PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDLESEX



## Christmas fragrance ...

Enchanting both to give and to receive, a gift from FLORIS brings with it a lasting memory of delicate and lovely English flowers. A coffret of exquisite 'Bluebell' perfume and matching toilet powder... or sweet, refreshing bath essence and toilet powder in 'Rose Geranium'... a box of fragrant, luxurious soap... or simply one of many lovely fresh flower perfumes, 'Red Rose'... 'Jasmine'... 'Gardenia'... these are gifts that will be treasured.



**FLORIS**

89 JERMYN STREET · LONDON · S.W.1

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

*If you please, come and see*

## GILL &amp; REIGATE

*for exceptional*

Interior Decoration, Period Panelling, Antique & Finest  
Reproduction Furniture, Curtains, Fabrics, Carpets

*at their beautiful new showrooms*

ARLINGTON HOUSE · ARLINGTON STREET  
PICCADILLY · LONDON W1

*(12th December onwards)*

GILL &amp; REIGATE LIMITED

## Good Wine its place in your home

Wine is a good thing to have in the home—even if you haven't a wine cellar. Simply keep it in a cool cupboard ready to welcome that unexpected guest or to add to the pleasure of a quiet evening. Keep a good selection of Emu Australian Wines in your "wine cellar." Everybody enjoys their attractive style, and a glass of any one of them costs no more than many a less noble drink. Ask your wine merchant about them.

**FREE**

By Appointment  
Australian Wine  
Merchants to His  
Majesty The King

Have you had your copy of the newly printed and enlarged Emu booklet—a beautifully illustrated guide to the "know-how" of wine serving? Send a postcard today: Dept. U.9, The Emu Wine Co., Ltd., London, E.3



## EMU AUSTRALIAN WINES

333 RICH RUBY · 444 RICH WHITE · 999 RICH TAWNY · EMU VINTAGE TAWNY  
EMU BURGUNDY · SIR JOHN'S SHERRY SACK · CELLARER'S SPECIAL BROWN SHERRY  
DRY SHERRY (VERY DRY) · ST. GEORGE VERMOUTH (SWEET OR DRY)  
EMU SAUTERNES · EMU \*\*\* BRANDY · WINSLOE LIQUEUR WINE

## The wonder watch that defies the elements

Here is the Rolex Oyster, first and most famous waterproof wrist-watch in the world.

How was such a watch made a reality? It was the result of years of experiment by Rolex artists and technicians. Imagine these men's excitement when, in 1927, Miss Mercedes Gleitze, a London stenographer, startled the world by swimming the English Channel wearing... a Rolex Oyster!

This achievement meant that Rolex had perfected their unique waterproofing method—the self-sealing action of one metallic surface upon another. It permanently protects the movement's accuracy against dirt and moisture. No wonder the Rolex Oyster is famous the world over! Rolex Oysters are obtainable at leading jewellers only. A small number of ladies' models is now available.

IMPORTANT: To ensure that your Oyster remains completely waterproof, please see that the crown is screwed down tightly after winding.



**ROLEX**  
Leaders in Fashion  
and Precision



A ROLEX OYSTER wrist-watch. Tested for 23 years both in peace and war, Rolex Oysters are today worn by hundreds of thousands of men and women in every climate and continent.



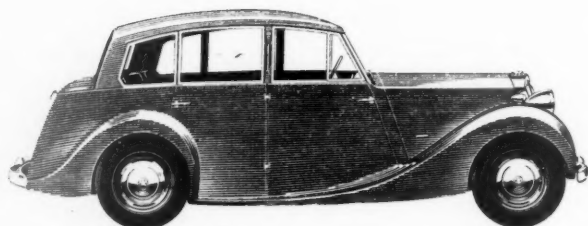
Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers Alliance to remind you that biscuits simply cannot be beaten as a compact energy food.



The 2-litre

TRIUMPH

RENOWN



*A Car of  
Distinction*

THE TRIUMPH MOTOR COMPANY (1945) LTD., Coventry. A subsidiary of the Standard Motor Co., Ltd.  
London: 37 Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1 Tel: MAY 5011  
TRIUMPH CARS • STANDARD CARS • STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES • FERGUSON TRACTORS

He only wants a

**VICEROY**

Luxury

Dry Shaving



No water, blades, soap or brush—nothing but a Viceroy Electric Dry Shaver for the smoothest dry shave ever. The Viceroy is 87/1d. (inc. tax). Where electricity is not available the Viceroy Non Electric Dry Shaver is ideal. 78/4d. (inc. tax). Made by Rolls Razor Ltd.

**The Rolls Razor of Dry Shavers**

Sales, Service & Works: Cricklewood, N.W.2. Showrooms: 193 Regent St., W.1.  
(Callers only).

By appointment



to H.M. The King

*Introducing a new member  
of the Bristol family:—*

HARVEY'S

# BRISTOL DRY Sherry

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM and BRISTOL MILK are famous all over the World as the finest full Oloroso Sherries. BRISTOL DRY is a superb FINO of great age, blended to suit the taste of those who prefer a rather drier Wine.

Price 25/- per bottle. On receipt of a remittance for this amount a sample bottle of Bristol Dry will be sent postage and package free.



## JOHN HARVEY

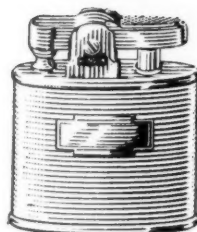
AND SONS LIMITED OF BRISTOL  
Founded 1796

LONDON OFFICE, 40 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.  
Subsidiary Companies or Branches at—Kidderminster,  
Cardiff, Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, Glasgow and at  
Beatties of Wolverhampton.

Which of these wonderful **RONSON** gifts will you get?



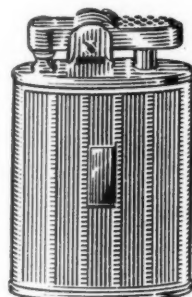
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2



3



4

Give a **RONSON**

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

*THE QUEEN ANNE* is a table-lighter of great elegance. Precision-built by craftsmen, this beautiful lighter is in the Ronson tradition of beauty linked with unfailing reliability. Price £4.4.0



*Press, it's lit—Release, it's out!  
Make sure it's a Ronson!*

1. *THE CROWN* is a superb table-lighter that hostesses delight to own. Price £4.4.0

2. *THE STANDARD BUTLER*—so handsome and compact... a favourite with men and women. Price 38/6

3. *THE PRINCESS* will captivate the lovely lady's heart. Price 45/-

4. *THE SUPER SPORTS* is the he-man's lighter that has much greater fuel capacity. Price 50/-

Avoid imitations—look for the trade mark **RONSON**



Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs and spices from which they are produced.

They provide a happy means of imparting piquant, appetising flavours to dishes of every kind.

## DUFRAIS Special VINEGARS

DUFRAIS & CO. LTD., 87 SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON, S.W.8

WHEN THE COCKLES OF YOUR HEART  
NEED WARMING

**Clayton's**  
IS THE NAME  
TO BEAR  
IN MIND

**CLAYTON'S GINGER WINE**

The non-alcoholic drink that's the favourite of all the family

Q130

## Hawkins *Patented* Tecal *at your service*



*Patented Regd. Design*

- Makes tea or coffee automatically while you sleep.
- Alarm wakes you when tea or coffee is brewed.
- The attractive reading-lamp lights to welcome you.
- "Smith's" Electric Clock gives correct time.
- Boiler switches off, leaving some hot water for shaving, etc.
- "Hawkins Tecal" is absolutely automatic and is fully guaranteed.

*You'll praise the day you invested in TECAL.*

*If in any difficulty write to us for address of nearest stockist. Price £10.18.9 (inc. P. T.)*

L. G. HAWKINS & CO., LTD. 30/35, DRURY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

*Fortune*  
makes the heart grow fonder



Above are: Nut Whirl, Truffle and Orange Cream—three of the exciting chocolates in delicious Fortune assortment made by

**CALEY**

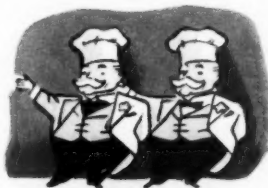
OF NORWICH



Merry  
Christmas



By Appointment  
Peck Frean & Co., Ltd.,  
Biscuits & Vain-Wafer  
Crispbread Manufacturers



*Greetings*

from Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean





WHAT A TRIBUTE you pay a friend when you give a Parker "51"! For a Parker "51" is the writing instrument of all time, matchless in performance, graciously beautiful in appearance.

Never has a pen been so skilfully designed, so elegant in its jewel-like beauty.

With a Parker "51" the words seem to write themselves. The secret is in the unique tubular gold

nib, protected forever against dirt and damage, and a patented ink-trap.

You can choose the Parker "51" in several distinctive colours, and a wide range of nibs.

Price 62/6 (plus 13/11 purchase tax).

*Fill your pen with Quink containing SOLV-X, a protective ink for all good fountain pens.*

**PARKER** "51"... world's most wanted <sup>gift</sup> pen

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED • BUSH HOUSE • LONDON • W.C.2

*Don't be vague—*  
**ASK *first* FOR**  
**Haig**

No finer  
 Whisky  
 goes into any  
 bottle



**CIGARS -**  
*the Gift that  
 pleases!*



As a gift, they are  
 a mark of esteem.  
 La Tropical de  
 Luxe Cigars can  
 be offered in 10, 25,  
 and 50 Boxes.  
 Also in 5's Cartons.

**LA TROPICAL**  
 DE LUXE  
*Finest Jamaican Cigars*

LT.12A

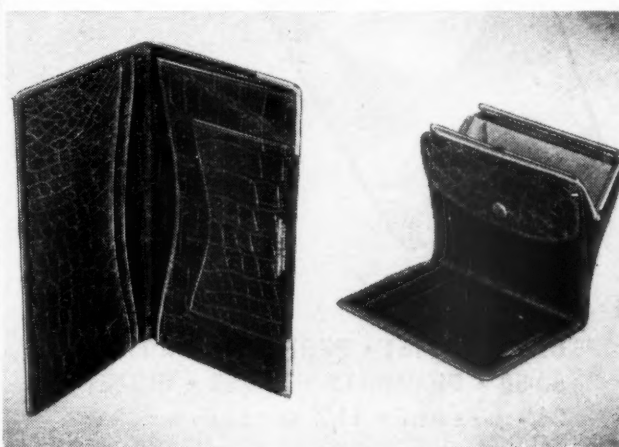
## A Wise Provision—

TO APPOINT LLOYDS BANK  
 AS YOUR EXECUTOR

Your friends will be grateful to you for sparing  
 them the irksome duties of executorship.

Your dependants will appreciate your  
 foresight in arranging for your affairs to be  
 dealt with by those having the experience and  
 the organisation to ensure that your wishes  
 are promptly and efficiently carried out.

**Let LLOYDS BANK**  
 look after your interests



## The Enduring Gift . . .

Every man's relish and every woman's rapture is wholly expressed  
 in the following delightful gift suggestions from Finnigans.

Crocodile Wallet, lined crocodile, with silver gilt corners **£19.0.0**

Crocodile Wallet, lined pigskin, with silver gilt corners **£7.19.0**  
 (also obtainable in Pigskin or Fine Seal)

Purse Note Case in Crocodile **£7.18.0**

" " " " Seal **£4.15.0**

" " " " Morocco **£3.8.6**

In a variety of colours.

LONDON • MANCHESTER • CAMBERLEY • TRURO

**Finnigans**  
 51, BOND STREET

*The House of the Present*



**GENUINE GIN COCKTAILS**  
made as cocktails should be made



By Appointment  
Gin Distillers  
to H.M. King George VI

**DRY MARTINI • PERFECT • MARTINI**  
**50-50 • PICCADILLY • BRONX • GIMLET**  
**21/- per bottle • 11/3 half bottle U.K. ONLY**

**Gordon's**  
**shaker cocktails**

READY TO SERVE

**Cheer up old suits with**  
**NEW**  
**TIES**



Thanks to Tootal, you can now maintain a battery of morale-building ties at far less cost than you ever expected. Ties of lasting good looks because they are washable. Also, you will see on every Tootal Tie the trade mark "TEBILIZED" which stands for fabrics with tested crease-resistance.

**TOOTAL**  
**TIES**

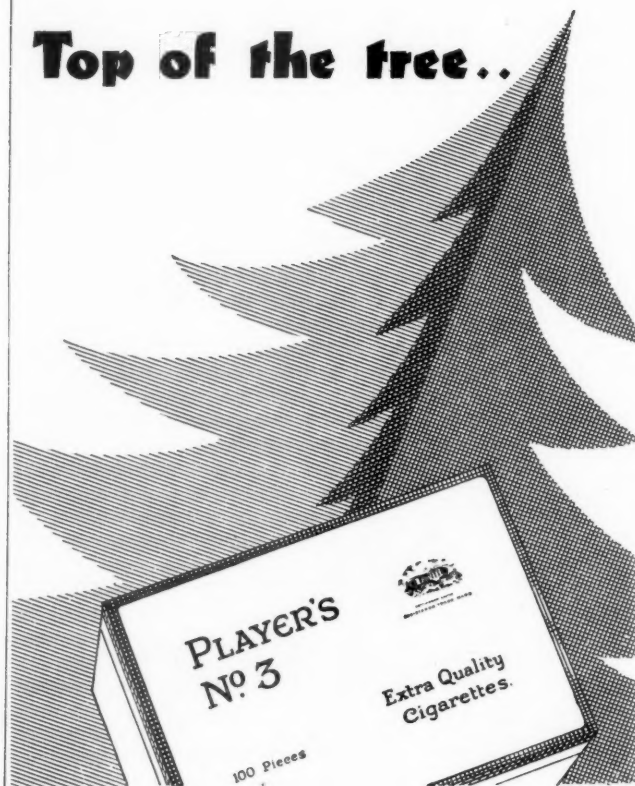
**2/9 Popular**

**Standard 3/6 & Sports**

**5/- Special**

All prices include Purchase Tax. 'Tootal' and 'Tebilized' are Registered Trade Marks  
TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER, 1

**Top of the tree..**





Your gift

has wings

Give a BEA ticket this best present of all: a family holiday: a journey either time during the New Year. your Travel Agent, any BEA Hall, 14/20 Regent St., S.W.1.

Christmas—and give the reunion, or a longed-for this Christmas or at any Get your gift ticket from Office or BEA, Dorland Tel.: GERrard 9833



BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS



IN THE SERVICE OF THRIFT FOR A CENTURY

## THE ABBEE NATIONAL

BUILDING SOCIETY

which this year celebrates its hundredth anniversary, is marking the occasion by a relaxation of its investment restrictions. Until further notice existing shareholders may add any sum to their share accounts, provided the total does not exceed £5,000. New shareholders may invest up to £5,000. (Husband and wife are considered as one for this purpose.)

This is a  
Safety-First  
Investment

CURRENT

2¼%

YIELD

Income tax  
borne by the  
Society

FURTHER PARTICULARS FROM

Head Office

ABBEE HOUSE, BAKER STREET, LONDON N.W.1



CVS-222

# Waterman's

## The gift that becomes a bond of friendship or affection

877 Taperite 61/1½

575 — 48/11

515 — 36/8

Ball Pointer 12/10



877 Taperite  
Pen and Pencil set  
91/8½



All prices include tax  
Obtainable from all Stationers  
Jewellers and Stores

Remember—"It's a Waterman's they want"

BRITISH MADE



## Lenthéric



**'Three Musketeers':** A well matched trio for masculine freshness, After Shave Lotion with Scalp Stimulant and Hairdressing; Scalp Stimulant and 'Tanbark' Cologne; or Brilliantine and After Shave Powder. Price 25/-

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men:  
 After Shave Lotion 8/4.  
 'Tanbark' Cologne 8/4.  
 After Shave Powder 8/4.  
 Scalp Stimulant 8/4.  
 Hair dressing 8/4.  
 Lather Shaving Cream 3/-.

**quiet, perfect grooming**

Paris : 17 Old Bond Street, London, W.1 : New York

**Who**

**can think of Christmas**

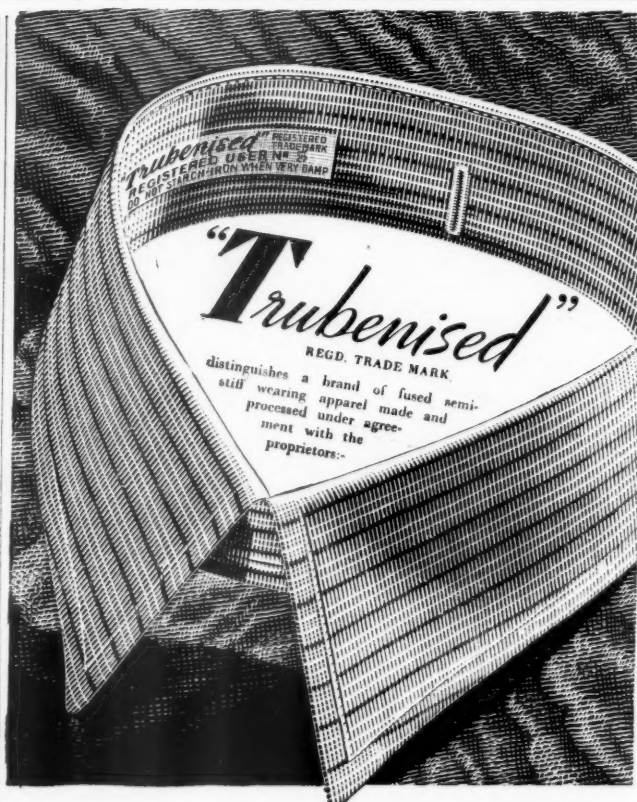
**without**

**thinking**

**of**

**schweppervescence?**

schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through



TRUBENISED (Gt. Britain) LTD • 17-18 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

TBW



# Their Christmas depends on YOU



Very many cases of hardship—among ex-soldiers, their wives and dependants—call for your help this Christmas. Government schemes of relief cannot cover all the widely differing circumstances of these individual cases, and a gift from you will help to provide those extras which make all the difference.

● Donations payable to The Army Benevolent Fund may be sent to General Sir George Giffard, G.C.B., D.S.O., 20, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, or paid into any Bank in Great Britain or N. Ireland.

Will you show your gratitude and sympathy by sending a donation to The Army Benevolent Fund?

Grants are distributed to those organisations most in need of funds. These organisations give each case personal attention, thus ensuring that every donation is used to the best advantage in the relief of genuine distress.

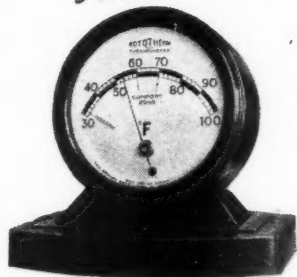
*Please give generously*

## ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

PATRON: H.M. THE KING

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

*The ideal gift  
—a Rototherm  
Thermometer*



The 'Merton' Model  
Price 15/-

A practical gift that is both enduring and endearing. Accurate temperature at a glance the year round. Of all good Chemists, Opticians and Stores.

**Rototherm**  
TEMPERATURE GAUGE

MERTON ABBEY LONDON, S.W.19  
Phone: Liberty 3406  
and 87 St. Vincent St., Glasgow, C.2.



### *Guests appreciate this thought*

Yes, people notice the things which point to the thoughtfulness of gracious living, even in these austere times: the few well-chosen flowers, the friendly bedside book, the water-jug, the Softex toilet tissue. They reveal the woman with a 'quality standard.' And Softex sets the 'quality standard' of toilet tissue: firm, clear and smoothly soft. Just compare Softex with ordinary tissues—and ask for it by its famous name

HEAT STERILIZED



SOFT SOFTER  
**SOFTEX**

Awarded the certificate of the Royal  
Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.  
Obtainable from Chemists, Stores and Stationers,  
Boots, Timothy Whites & Tailors



ROLLS NCW  
ONLY 1/3

A SWAN MILL PRODUCT LONDON, W.1



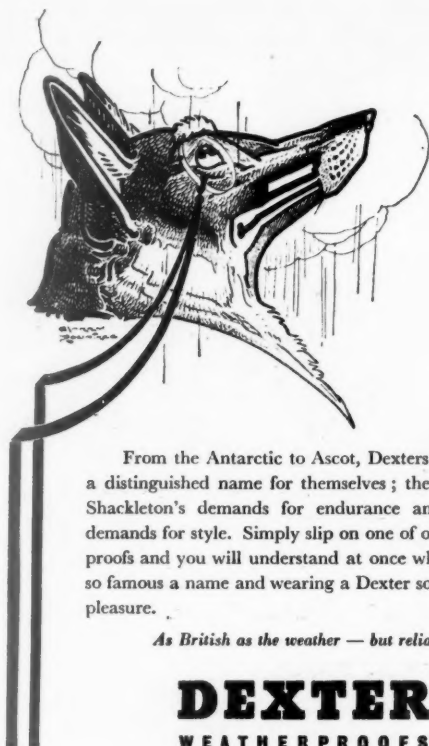
## Norseman Dual Reversible

—two coats in one

Norseman braves  
all weathers



A. B. HARGREAVES & CO., LTD.,  
Vyking Works Chorley Lancs.



From the Antarctic to Ascot, Dexters have made a distinguished name for themselves; they have met Shackleton's demands for endurance and Society's demands for style. Simply slip on one of our weatherproofs and you will understand at once why Dexter is so famous a name and wearing a Dexter so practical a pleasure.

*As British as the weather — but reliable.*

**DEXTER**  
WEATHERPROOFS

Obtainable from Leading Outfitters Everywhere.

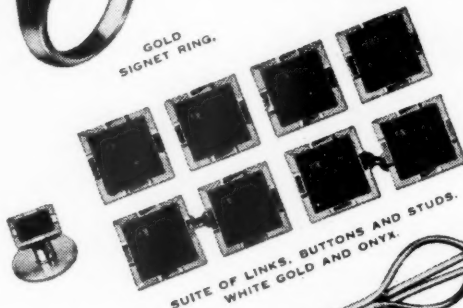
WALLACE, SCOTT & COMPANY LIMITED • CATHCART • GLASGOW

## Happy Christmas FOR A MAN

WE MAY NOT ALWAYS HAVE THESE EXACT DESIGNS IN STOCK, BUT THEY ARE TYPICAL OF A WIDE RANGE. A VISIT TO THE SHOWROOMS WILL SUGGEST MANY EQUALLY HAPPY GIFT IDEAS. ORDERS BY POST RECEIVE CAREFUL ATTENTION ALWAYS.



GOLD  
SIGNET RING.



SUITE OF LINKS, BUTTONS AND STUDS.  
WHITE GOLD AND ONYX.



GOLD  
TIE RETAINER

**MAPPIN AND WEBB**

LONDON SHOWROOMS: LIMITED  
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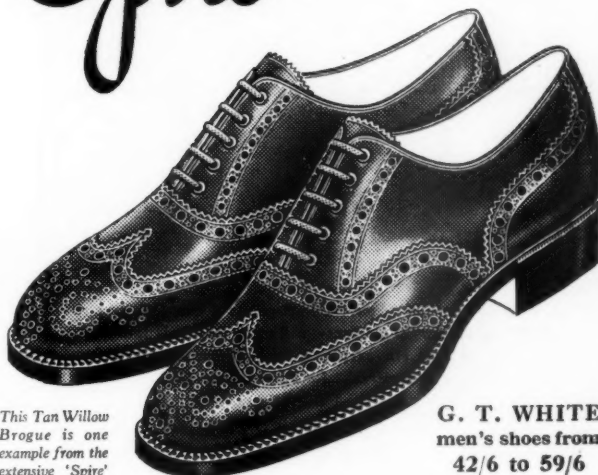
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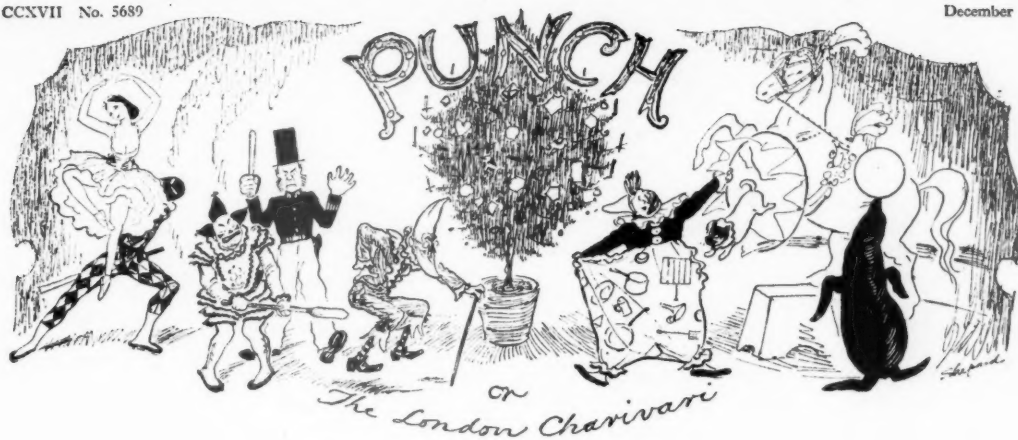


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## CHARIVARIA

GOVERNMENT supporters were not unduly worried during the groundnuts debate; they were confident that had a Commission of Inquiry been set up, the Minister would have been fully prepared to reject its findings.

"Attractive sailors have a new kind of veil, which lifts down below the chin in a ruff for eating, drinking or smoking purposes, instead of making that rather unsightly bunchy appearance on the forehead."—*Evening Standard*

What's this? Recruiting propaganda?



According to a correspondent in a weekly paper Mexicans don't differ violently about politics. A few men may discuss the subject and some of them might get shot, but that is as far as the quarrel would go.

"The School gave three vociferous cheers for the headmaster, governors and staff, and then sang 'Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways.'"—*Halstead Gazette*

Anyone want a job as music master?

A Sheffield boy found a bundle of eighteenth-century newspapers in the street, and threw them aside, thinking they were recent ones. They had headlines about a change of government in France.

It had to be explained to an American visitor at Twickenham this week that savage cries of "Heel!" from the stands were intended more as practical advice to the pack than personal observations on individuals.

### Sporting Losers

"I saw him land at least five big dace and roach. They expressed their admiration of the water, and of the Farnham Angling Society."—*Aldershot paper*

It is said that most cats when crossing a busy road will observe all the safety-first rules. It is only the Manx that doesn't worry about coming to a sudden end.



Britain has begun experiments in producing gas by burning coal underground. Any part of the coal face that does not burn will be disposed of to the public in the usual way.

"Gent's Humber 4-speed Bicycle, dynamo lighting, as new; £10; owner away."—*Isle of Wight County Press*

Taxi-drivers should combat those of their number who persistently refuse fares, says a writer. And with the gloves off.



## ELYSIAN FIELDS

"HERE. Stop. Listen. Wait a moment. Look at this."

"Let him go."

"It says more words have been written about Joan Crawford than any woman in history."

"Who's 'it'?"

"A Hollywood newspaper-cuttings-man."

"He ought to have asked Villon. He lives in a celluloid tower."

"And the runners-up are——"

"Don't talk in that dreadfully hollow tone. You sound like The Voice in Twenty Questions."

"AND THE RUNNERS-UP ARE Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette, Shirley Temple, Eleanor Roosevelt and Mae West."

"I just see Marie Antoinette beating Shirley Temple by a short neck."

"And Mrs. Roosevelt coming up on the rails."

"It's utter rot. Joan of Arc wins in a canter."

"You have to take all the film articles, and all the film notices, in all the papers, in all the cities and hick towns of America and most of Europe, and a lot of the rest of the world."

"You have to take all the histories and all the biographies, and hundreds and hundreds of thousands of tear-stained, ink-smudged essays by schoolgirls for years and years, in all the *écoles normales* and all the convent schools in Christendom."

"Probably most of the essays now are on 'Who is your favourite film-star?'"

"Don't you believe it. I put in a claim for Mary Queen of Scots. Marie Antoinette only gets in on that thing about people eating cake."

"I still see Joan of Arc leading by about a library and a half."

"Anyhow, quite obviously, saints are barred."

"That clears the course a bit. Don't you see Queen Victoria in the bunch—or Queen Elizabeth?"

"There are more books in the state library at Leningrad than any library in the world."

"But they aren't all about Catherine the Great."

"I put my shirt on Lucrezia Borgia."

"Speaking as an ordinary race-goer, Lady Godiva——"

"Caroline Lamb rode a good deal."

"Scheherazade."

"Did she ever live?"

"Night after night. But the bookies can't pronounce her name."

"Nobody seems to have thought about private correspondence."

"Or state papers, or ambassadors' letters. That puts the queens well in front again."

"I still stand by the film-reviews; hundreds of thousands of articles by Anglo-Saxon newspaper-men in the last ten or twenty years for every Roman letter saying 'the serpent of old Nile has given another up-river party in honour of guest-friend Antony.'"

"But she had some dramatists to push her along.

The film-stars are all in a huddle at the back. You could cover about fifty with a blanket."

"I want a thorough re-count. A play or a book is all about a person from beginning to end. It takes a lot of articles and allusions in essays and letters to beat that."

"To me the whole track is full of lovely long-odds favourites, Aspasias and Dubarrys and Pompadours and Nell Gwyns——"

"For real stamina give me Jezebel."

"Lot's wife."

"Potiphar's."

"I hate speaking lightly of a woman's name."

"You haven't tried the singers or the actresses. Obviously Mrs. Siddons, Rachel, Sarah Bernhardt, The Duse."

"Mistinguett."

"And the authors, and the wise women, and the blue-stockings dashing pell-mell down the straight."

"Mrs. Pankhurst."

"Jane Austen."

"Joanna Southcott."

"Madame Curie."

"Florence Nightingale well to the fore."

"What you seem to forget is parlour games. In Consequences, to embarrass the archdeacon or your uncle you always make him meet Claudia or Messalina in the Underground railway——"

"Only in very erudite homes."

"My pin-up is George Eliot."

"My nap is Marie Lloyd."

"And mine is Charlotte Corday, with George Sand a couple of pages behind."

"Laura! Beatrice! Héloïse! Edna May!"

"I think I see one of the Brontës, but I can't distinguish the colours."

"We might leave it at that."

EVOE

## ON LOOKING INTO A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY

BRING me a bagpipe that I may inflate,  
Bring me a kettledrum that I may thwack,  
And I shall make my house reverberate  
In praise of the distinguished Marignac.

He sought no glory, yet saw glory come,  
His house was built of knowledge, not of bricks;  
He isolated gadolinium

One summer day in 1886.

And what is gadolinium to me?

And what is gadolinium to you?

Whatever gadolinium may be,

Whatever isolating it may do,

This was the man who did it, long ago,

Or (as our cousins always say) way back

In '86. And that is all I know,

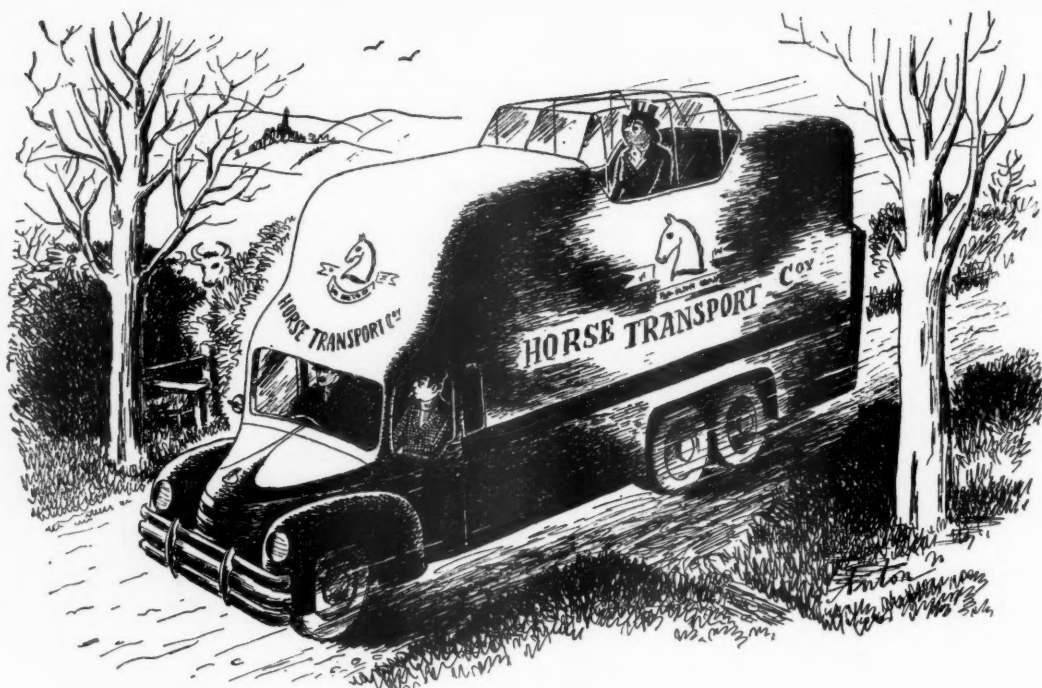
And all I need to know, of Marignac.

R. P. LISTER



**"PIPE DOWN!"**

[The Report of the Committee on the Cost of Home Information Services notes that expenditure under this head is now more than ten times the pre-war figure.]



### LONG VACATION

MARCUS, my St. Bernard, has just returned from his summer holidays. He went away in the middle of July, and he has therefore had the longest holiday of any of us. Also, his weekly hotel-bill amounting to two guineas (without gratuities), he has had the most expensive holiday of any of us.

My wife and I went away just for a fortnight. If we had known how expensive Marcus's holiday was going to be we should have gone away just for a week.

At first we could not think what to do with Marcus while we were away from home. Mind you, Marcus would have been perfectly happy left alone in the house for a fortnight. A whole fortnight of uninterrupted slumber would have been just his idea of a holiday, if he had known what an idea was. But my wife would not have this, being worried about Marcus if burglars broke in. So we tried to farm him out among our friends.

Without exception, our friends begged to be excused harbouring a St. Bernard for a fortnight. It was

the catering side they did not care for. A St. Bernard eats approximately his own weight in food every day, and he is not particular about whose that food is. If you go into a kitchen and see an empty bread-bin rolling about the floor, the chewed remains of a flour-bag, fragments of a sugar-carton, a smear of jam on the mat, a spotlessly clean sink-tidy and no vegetables in the vegetable-box then it is a safe bet that a St. Bernard has been around foraging for his supper.

"Boarding-kennels!" declared my wife. "That's the answer!"

There were boarding-kennels a mile away. I made arrangements with Mr. Blaxton, the owner, and took Marcus along.

It is said that soldiers on a long forced-march often arrive in good marching-order, but fast asleep and snoring. That is how Marcus arrived at the kennels, except that he was not in good marching-order. It was a punishing mile for us both.

Mr. Blaxton, who seemed to understand St. Bernards, sympathetically said that Marcus must

be all-in after his walk, and would probably like to be shown straight up to his room.

"Up?" I said. "Isn't he out in the yard?"

"Bung the little dogs out there," explained Mr. Blaxton briefly. "Yap-yap-yap! Big dogs in the house—they're quiet."

"But you'll never get Marcus upstairs!" I said.

St. Bernards have a horror of heights. Just to look at a step makes them dizzy. Normally, you wouldn't get one up a flight of stairs with a steam-crane.

Judge of my amazement, then, when Mr. Blaxton, taking the lead, walked Marcus upstairs without the slightest trouble. The truth was of course that Marcus was in a trance after his long walk. He just didn't know what he was doing. Upstairs in his suite—a large room luxuriously furnished with straw—he stood gently rocking, his eyes closed, breathing heavily through his mouth. Mr. Blaxton and I pushed hard together, and Marcus went over on his side and continued sleeping.

When my wife and I, on our



return from our holiday, went along to collect Marcus. Mr. Blaxton met us apprehensively.

"Don't know how you're going to get him to come with you," he said. "Seems like he's afraid of those stairs. He hasn't been down once since he came."

We went up to Marcus, who, after a slight effort of memory, remembered us perfectly well, and appeared pleased to see us. But when we suggested he should accompany us downstairs his horror of heights overcame him. Trembling in every limb, he sat firmly down on the landing and refused to budge.

"Give him a good shove!" recommended Mr. Blaxton.

"No!" cried my wife, who saw our pet hurtling to destruction.

"Call him, then, and see if he'll come."

No—perhaps Mr. Blaxton did not understand St. Bernards as well as I had at first thought.

"Pretend there's a cat down here," I suggested.

"Get hold of the bottom of the stair-carpet and give it a good yank," was Mr. Blaxton's idea.

"Lure him with food," thought my wife.

We tried every strategy. At the end of an hour Marcus was still upstairs. Weary with entertaining, he then went back to his room and turned in.

We booked his apartment for another night and went home.

We came back the next day with ropes. Marcus, however, was resting, and did not get up to receive us. A St. Bernard in repose does not leave exposed anything to which you could tie a rope, except his ears; we did not think Marcus's ears would stand the strain. We booked him in for another night.

After a while we went back to the old system of booking him in by the week. It came a little cheaper. Besides, we could not spare the time to come and visit him every day. We used to come around about twice a week and spend half an hour with him. He was always happy to see us if he happened to be awake.

At the end of September we pointed out to Mr. Blaxton that the

holiday season was now over, and asked whether he had special winter residential terms. He said he hadn't—not for dogs with appetites like Marcus's.

It was not a very satisfactory way of keeping a dog. We felt like the people who adopt animals at the Zoo and have their names put on cages—a somewhat misleading procedure, I always think.

Undoubtedly he would still be in residence at his hotel if my wife had not hopefully read out to me a preliminary announcement of the Cresta Ball at Claridges. Inspiration came to us both simultaneously, and we effected his rescue with the aid of the kitchen-tray.

It is a large tray. We attached ropes fore and aft and took it along next visiting-day. We placed it at the top of the stairs, baited it liberally with food, and showed it to Marcus. Marcus took the bait beautifully, and then, as usual, lay down just where he was for his after-dinner nap. He lay down in the tray. We gave him twenty seconds, to make sure he was soundly

asleep. Then I hauled the tray forward, and Mr. Blaxton and my wife checked on the stern-ropes.

Marcus woke before the descent was completed, of course, but it was too late for him to do anything about it. In any case he was, I think, much struck by this labour-saving device that enabled a St. Bernard to move without walking. After that, the long trudge back—and Marcus was home once more.

But now further difficulties have arisen. It has always been one of my most formidable tasks to coax him out for his morning exercise. During the night something happened to Marcus, and for the first time in his life his brain worked.

After breakfast I called him and called him for his walk. At last my wife came out to me.

"He's got the kitchen-tray on the floor," she whispered, "and he's sitting in it. Waiting."

#### The Irish Again

"MEN'S PURE SILK IRISH LINEN  
HANDKERCHIEFS. 6 in a box, 13/6."  
From a Christmas catalogue



## ITALIA AT WHITE HART LANE

IN the company of some eighty thousand others last Wednesday we shuffled inch by inch towards the Spurs football ground to watch England play Italy. Morally uplifted by our consciousness of virtue and financial acumen (we had turned down an offer—tendered by a hoarse, collarless gentleman in a lorry—of a fiver for our two-guinea

hampton Wanderers, goalkeeping in bright yellow, dived miraculously sideways to turn a shot from Amadei round the left goal-post.

The contessa took it badly. "We have no chance," she told us pathetically. "All our men have died . . ." and she let the sorrow of her voice fade into the fog. The aeroplane accident that last year

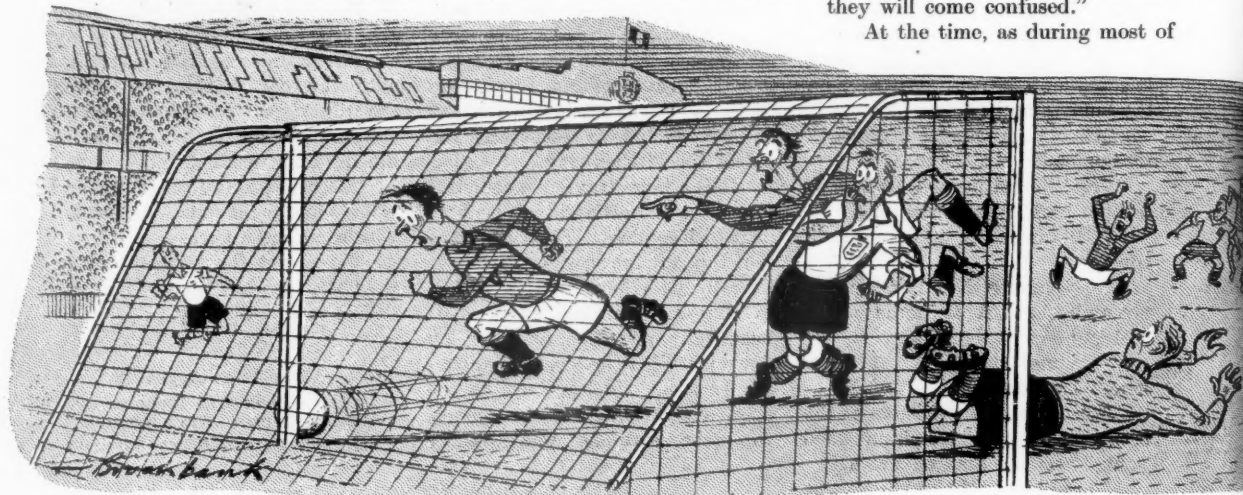
hands on a silver-handled stick and snarled at the English team.

"Watson," he said. "Watson. You'd fink 'e'd a woken up ba nah'n fahnd 'e wasn't still play'n' cricket fer Yorkshire."

"Ee-tal-ya!" screamed the contessa in chanted unison with her compatriots. "Ee-tal-ya!"

"Excuse," she said to me charmingly, "when I scream. Our players need screaming. If we say nothing they will come confused."

At the time, as during most of



ticket) we floated as far as the turnstiles. There we stuck for a bit. The man in front, lacking that expensive piece of pink cardboard, vaulted nimbly over the barrier, and the gatekeeper, after unlocking himself with difficulty from his pen, disappeared conscientiously in half-hearted pursuit. When he returned, much later: "You see," he said, "he hadn't got a ticket."

We said we saw.

Eventually seventy-one thousand five hundred and twenty-seven persons got into the ground, and those who paid contributed a total of £19,000. A number of non-paying guests, who arrived by swarming up a column from beneath us, occupied the seats and gangway to our left. They were most indignant that anyone should have to pay as much as two guineas for a seat.

We settled down next to a lady, who, to judge from her perfume and her fur coat, was at the very least a contessa. We had hardly reached our seat when Williams, of Wolver-

hampton Wanderers, goalkeeping in bright yellow, dived miraculously sideways to turn a shot from Amadei round the left goal-post.

However, the Italians who were representing their country at White Hart Lane were very much alive, especially Signor Moro, who, in the usual Continental tradition, turned his goalkeeping into a high-class tumbling act. Early on, when England were looking for that quick goal which is supposed to knock the heart out of temperamental Latins, Rowley back-heeled delightfully for Mortensen to let loose in his best England and Blackpool form, but Moro flew across the goal and hugged the ball like a lost child.

"I think," said the contessa, "I shall have heart attack. Recently," she added, "I broke my leg. I fear the crowds." She blinked at us appealingly, and we hastened to assure her of the long sporting tradition of British crowds.

To our right a bulbous, spreading young man leaned his chin and

the first half, the most sadly confused persons on the ground were the English halves and inside forwards. Always we felt that, if they went into a tackle quickly and at the same time as an Italian, they were the more likely to come out with the ball. But again and again the quick, lively Italians got there first by yards and were given time to get moving before the tackle came.

Ramsey, on his home ground, and Aston—the English full-backs—were making occasional mistakes, but they were being left so much to do that they could be forgiven. Williams, in goal, was impossibly wonderful. At one point Carapellese, the Italian captain and outside right, was to be observed kneeling down and thumping the hostile Tottenham turf with his fist after Williams had amazingly anticipated a header from Boniperti, unmarked and only a few yards out from goal.

"I think of my countrymen," said the contessa, "standing in the streets of my town of Siena, listening

to the radio. How can they bear it? They will have heart attack."

We remarked that any people who could withstand the excitement of the *palio* (which was the only thing we could remember about Siena) should have enough fortitude to listen to a football match.

"The *palio*. It is over in three minutes. But this is one hour and a half. It is too long. It is not fair for my countrymen."

The game was still looking both too long and too strong for England,

backs it seemed that England must score. But somehow the ball came bouncing against Moro's knees and he scrambled it away with a movement that even he could not lift from the level of girls'-school basketball.

The contessa leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes.

"Kid stuff," said the flushed, rotund young man on our right. "GET STUCK IN, Watson." (For the record, we should say that Watson, especially in attack, was having at least as good a game as any of the English halves.)

At half-time—with the score still nought all—the band came out with their usual resentful eyes on the players' entrance; and, sure enough, when the English side returned after five minutes they began to speed the tempo of the piece in order to finish. They need not have worried. The Italians took fifteen minutes. At last Moro appeared alone ("Moro . . . Moro . . . Moro," cried his followers) and did a little

Italian jig in the goal-mouth amid huge applause. Then came the whole Italian side and, warmer and perhaps less nervous than the English who had been kept waiting so long, descended on Williams in a swarm. For twenty minutes he was under constant fire, saving anything and everything—once with his leg when he had dived the wrong way, once with a wonderful instinctive leap that allowed him to gather a ball shot well to his right from only a yard or two away.

The contessa was finding life more friendly. "It is a very sporting game," she said magnanimously, as an Italian player fell to earth looking so agonized that he might have received six stilettos in a vendetta.

"Still anyone's game," we said, remaining on the fringe of politeness.

"Ah, no," she said with a tragic sweep of her dark brown eyes. "You see our team are . . . only *bambini*. We know they will lose. They have no . . . what do you say?"

"Stamina?"



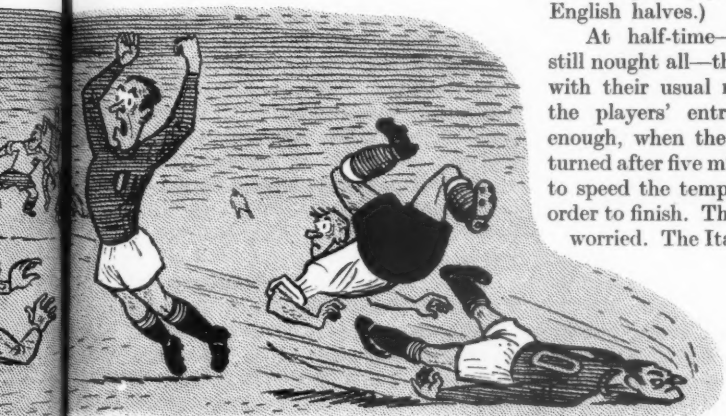
British Pblegm

"Staameena. Our newspapers say that if we lose by two goals to nothing it will be a victory."

Of course this was certainly a victory for the contessa. When she made her remarks the score was still nought all, but in the last quarter of an hour the Italians suddenly and surprisingly faded quietly into the gloom. Froggatt, the English left wing, who was increasingly getting the better of Bertucelli, took the ball inside and passed out to Pearson who had moved to the left. Pearson pushed it on to Rowley, and suddenly we saw an England forward going through as we had hoped. We realized that no one was going to shake Rowley off the ball this time and that he was going to make no mistake with his shot. It was, in fact, a smacker, and though Moro got a hand to it as it flew high to his left, he had no chance of stopping it.

We did not dare look at the contessa.

Froggatt was having everything his own way now. England was living in the Italian half of the field. Then, ten minutes from time, Wright was alone with the ball on the left. He brought it up to within forty yards of goal, and Moro, expecting him to push the ball through to Rowley, advanced to cover the pass which any Italian half would, quite correctly, have given. But Wright preferred the half-hopeful, English-football lob into the goal-mouth. The ball reached the highest point of its arc as it passed over Moro, who was by then outside the goal area, and fell rather sadly into the net. The game was over.



though just before the interval Moro had to make a flashy and heart-rending save (it was the contessa's heart) from a good header by Mortensen, after Finney had centred.

And when Finney centred again and there were two unmarked English forwards almost in the goal-mouth and Moro was preparing his excuses by pointing with superb indignation at his misplaced full



Latin Excitability



## AT THE PICTURES

*Pinky—A Run For Your Money*

JUDGING from remarks overheard in the audience at *Pinky* (Director: ELIA KAZAN) it is full of information calculated to surprise ordinary filmgoers here. They

exemplify all the ways, from the subtlest implied insult to the crudest violence, in which the Southern Negro is made to feel his position, and perhaps one tends to notice that



Bar Sable

*Pinky Johnson*—JEANNE CRAIN

hadn't realized that an apparently white girl with a Negro grandmother is, in the U.S., "coloured" herself; they hadn't realized, in fact, that the grandchild of a Negro could possibly look as if she were white; they knew about lynching, but they had had no idea of the dreadfully final completeness of the laws about segregation, and the popular feeling about it, in the Southern states. *Pinky* shows them the way in which a policeman's affable consideration will turn to brutal discourtesy at the first hint that his interlocutor has Negro blood; the way in which the seediest "poor white" drunk will confidently do as he likes with an educated young woman, and respectable citizens will think her capable of stealing trinkets, once they know she isn't technically (as well as visibly) white.

The film is the story of such a girl who returns from the North ("up yonder"), where she has passed as white and become a graduate nurse, to her birthplace in the Negro quarter of a small Southern town. She had forgotten what it was like to be treated as sub-human, and the rediscovery is bitter. The story is contrived to

it is so contrived; but not at the time, for it is all most admirably done. JEANNE CRAIN as the girl, and ETHEL WATERS as the old grandmother are excellent; ETHEL BARRYMORE provides one of her characteristic *bravura* performances as a pawky old aristocrat with a heart of gold; and there is fine satirical detail in the small-part playing. The more or less happy ending seems too easy, but apart from that the picture is first-rate.

If our standards hadn't been raised by the excellence of the last three comedies from Ealing Studios the fourth—*A Run For Your Money* (Director: CHARLES FREND)—might be getting more praise. By comparison with the others it is, to be sure, disappointing. It attempts, I think, to do with Wales the same sort of thing as *Whisky Galore* did with Scotland, but the story is more conventionally built up of far more commonplace comic ideas, including all the stock Welsh jokes. Its basis is the

adventures of two simple Welsh miners in the big city, and the best of it is in certain oddities of detail (I liked EDWARD RIGBY's momentary appearance as a Beef-eater devoted to his potted cactus) and the bright treatment of certain incidents, notably the Tube-train argument about the best way of getting to Twickenham. There is plenty of laughter, but not very much of it is really heartfelt and involuntary: it's rather too close to that semi-polite, sympathetic laughter British films used habitually to get from kindly audiences. All the same, the not too exacting should find it enjoyable.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another well worth seeing among the London shows is the modern French variation on the Romeo-and-Juliet theme, *Les Amants de Vérone*. A point about this is that, in the Shakespearian tradition, it mixes with its essential tragedy a surprising amount of incidental comedy. I didn't find it deeply moving, but entertaining it certainly is. Best of the general releases is *The Set-Up* (13/7/49), that grim but essentially humane—and excellently made—story of small-time boxing. *Any Number Can Play* (2/11/49) is empty but enormously efficient entertainment about big-time gambling.

RICHARD MALLETT



(A Run For Your Money)

## The Harp That Once

*Twm Jones*—MEREDITH EDWARDS  
*Hugh Price*—HUGH GRIFFITH



## WATCH THE BIRDIE

DOLLY is really more like a bird-watcher than a landlady. All her lodgers start out as white swans with pure feathers and long, S-curved necks, but after a month at most the goose feathers begin to show through and the squabbling and honking begins.

Last January a small flock of swans by the name of MacIntyre arrived. When she came to tea with me, Dolly brought the MacIntyres with her in spirit and told me about the genuine, old-fashioned courtesy of Mr. ("He bows from the waist and carries the coal up for me"), the unusual elegance of Mrs., and the high spirits of little Roger.

Within three weeks Mr., Mrs. and Roger had earned, respectively, the adjectives uncouth, slovenly and fearsome, and then they all emigrated.

"Let Australia handle them," said Dolly gloomily, adding in happier tone: "Anyhow, the dearest old lady is taking their rooms next week. So fragile! She wears one of those lace things round her throat. I feel that she will prove sensitive and understanding—a real lady."

Naturally, after a build-up like that from Dolly, I expected to hear tales of broken beer-bottles and unparliamentary language. I placed a small bet with myself that the real lady would stay in Dolly's good books ten days, and lost; she stayed in them thirteen.

Then Dolly rang me up and recited a very long story in a sad monotone. I believe there were seven or eight different cats in it.

"Fish heads cooked on the gas-ring," said Dolly, sounding a bit faint.

A silence followed the real lady's departure. I wondered what enormities could be brewing, but apparently Dolly had only been having her letting-rooms redecorated. Then she told me that she was very glad that the rooms were finished at last, because she was expecting some really worthwhile company—a singer, a health expert, and a woman philosopher.

"Really worth-while company," it transpired, sang morbid little

songs and left unwashed yogurt bottles all over the landing; washed and publicly aired everything every day, including the hearth-rug; and smiled and nodded continually with half-closed eyes, and said that everything was lovely, lovely and peaceful, even when being asked to pay the rent.

After the gradual goosefaction of all these swans, they left one by one, and there was again a lull. Then Dolly rang me up and told me dramatically that all her troubles were over.

"You mean that you're giving up being a landlady?" I asked, rather injudiciously.

"Certainly not," she replied stiffly. "I mean that Professor Harbottle is here. Surely you've heard of him?"

"Not until just now," I admitted.

"Professor Harbottle is a scientist," Dolly told me. "He understands everything, and he's going to show me how to run the house scientifically."

"Here we go again," I thought.

But Professor Harbottle's swan stage seemed unnaturally prolonged. Dolly came to tea with me three times and showed no signs of disillusion. She described the Professor's large, intellectual forehead, the precision with which he helped her to do the household accounts,

and the miraculous way he tamed the charwoman.

It appeared that he was now her only lodger, but Dolly seemed to regard him as a host in himself. I began to warm, vicariously and very gradually, to the Professor, and rosy wisps of matchmaking dreams floated into my head. I saw Dolly married: "Professor and Mrs. Harbottle" would sound nice—and they might have some little cygnets. I thought that it really was time that one of Dolly's swans stayed a swan to the last.

He did, too.

One night my doorbell rang, and there stood Dolly. She looked stricken.

"Gone!" was all that she could say. I gave her a cup of coffee. Then, between agitated sips, she told me that while she was spending the day with her aunt at Harrow, Professor Harbottle had quietly removed himself and ninety-five per cent of the household goods in two large plain vans, destination unknown; the neighbours had not seen fit to question his action.

"Oh, Dolly!" I exclaimed, almost in tears at this catastrophe. "All your nice furniture!"

But Dolly was not concerned about her furniture.

"He was the best lodger I ever had," she said wistfully. "He left everything spotless to-day."



## NIGHT TRAIN TO GUILDFORD

THE old-fashioned railway carriage—the one in which people face each other, examine each other, experiment with new facial expressions and manœuvre constantly for positional advantage of foot and knee—is supposed to be a pretty poor piece of industrial design. It is merely a ridiculous survival, say the critics, from the days of the horse-drawn carriage. It is an anachronism, a pantechicon or something. Yet there are still a few old fogeys, among whom I am proud to number myself, who see good in the old-fashioned carriage. For me it has one great advantage over all later designs; it enables me, at times, to put my feet up.

I should not like the reader to think that I am so irresponsible and unworthy a citizen that I would soil the upholstery of British Railways. I could not stoop so low. No, I take care on all railway journeys to provide myself with an additional newspaper, and this, when the opportunity arises, I bring into service as a sort of expendable cushion-cover. A personal whim leads me to select the *Daily* — for this purpose nine times out of ten, though I am prepared to admit that *The Times* or *The Manchester Guardian* would provide more adequate protection and cover . . .

I sat alone in the corner of the carriage bound for Guildford. I should be a man of about forty, taller than average with a slight leer. I might have been a fairly successful solicitor's clerk or an inspector of something. Anyway, I was puffing serenely at my pipe as I devoured an article on subsidies in *The Manchester Guardian*. My brogues rested on the current copy of the *Daily* — spread across the opposite seat.

At Wimbledon the door opened to admit a man. (At least that's how it looked from my side.) He had a large florid face and ginger hair and carried a shoe-box under his right arm. He sat down on my side of the compartment (facing the engine) with the box still under his arm.

You know how it is when you know that somebody is staring at you, when you feel somebody's eyes dissecting your appearance and character? Well, I knew it and felt it. I looked round suddenly and the red-head smiled at me, showing a number of gold teeth.

"Mind if I borrow one of your papers, mate?" he said.

"No, no, certainly," I said. "Er—you'd better have this one," I removed my feet from the *Daily* — and lowered them to the floor. I handed him the newspaper.

"Ta," he said.

I tried to resume my study of the *Guardian*. What impudence! I thought. The fellow knew perfectly well . . . and then he goes and . . . I felt my cheeks lose their customary pallor as my indignation mounted.

The red-head careered through the *Daily* — like an accountant pursuing a halfpenny in a petty cash account. He began with the sports page and rustled through backwards to the main scares. In less than one minute he had finished and the paper lay in his lap. He began to bestow a good deal of attention upon his cold.

"You're soon through with that," I said. The words came out of the corner of my mouth with exceptional crispness.

"Shockin' paper this," he said. "Give Southampton to lose at Sheffield. No ruddy idea."

"I'm sorry you don't care for it," I said. "Perhaps you'd prefer *The Manchester Guardian*?" But I did not offer it to him.

"When you've finished," he said. "No 'urry."

The *Daily* — still rested on his lap, and my feet still ached on the floor. He closed his eyes, threw back his head and began to breathe through his mouth. He was still clutching the shoe-box under his right arm.

With much fidgeting and grunting he slowly levered himself into a position of increasing comfort. At last he was satisfied: his body became flaccid and he sought sleep. I was surprised that he could ignore the hostility he had aroused in me, that he could dare, in fact, to leave himself thus defenceless in my presence.

Then, just as I was beginning to think he had lost consciousness, he opened his eyes and looked quickly at me without turning his head. Without a sound he placed the *Daily* — on the seat opposite and put his feet on it. Then he slept.

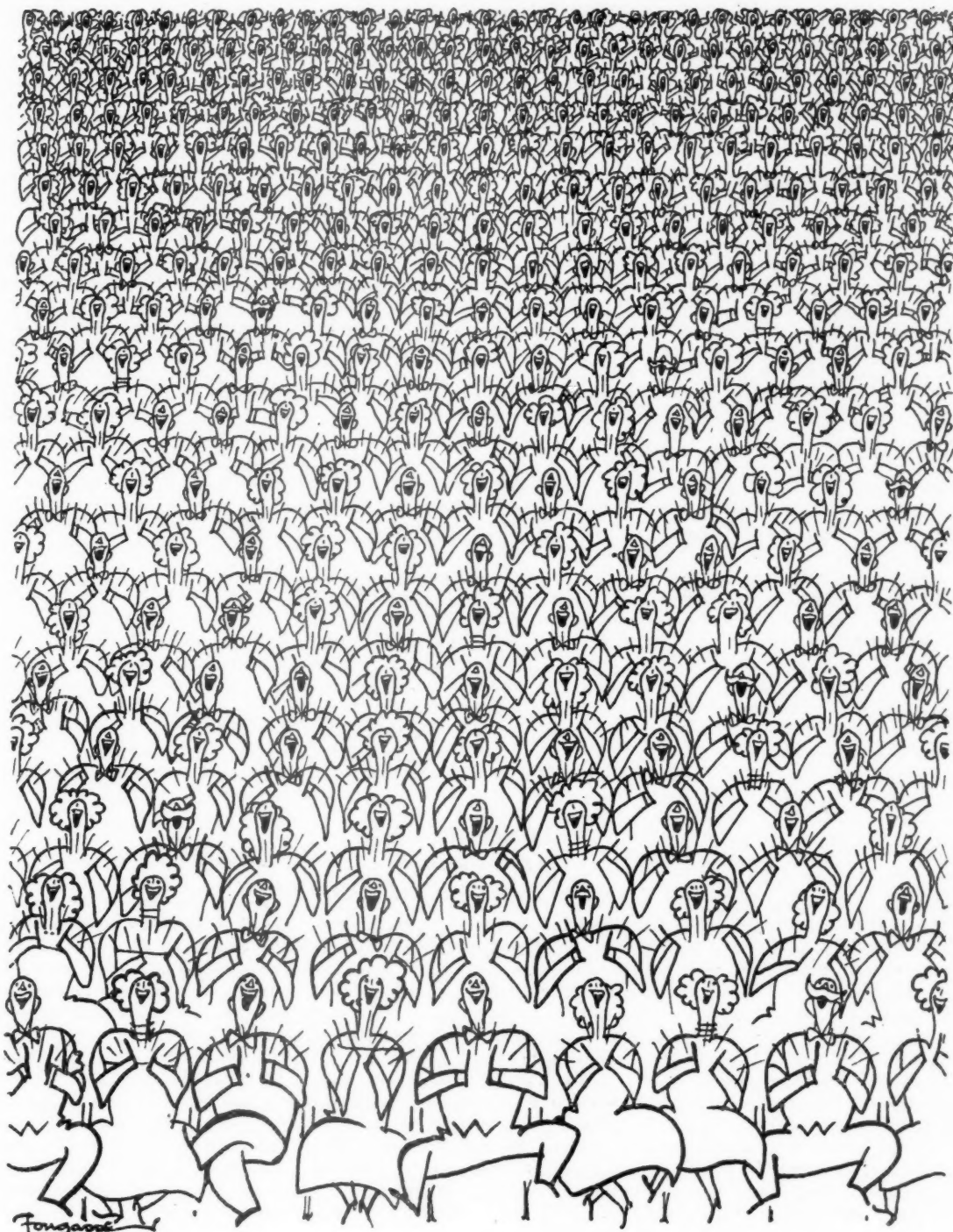
\* \* \* \* \*

I got out at Guildford.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

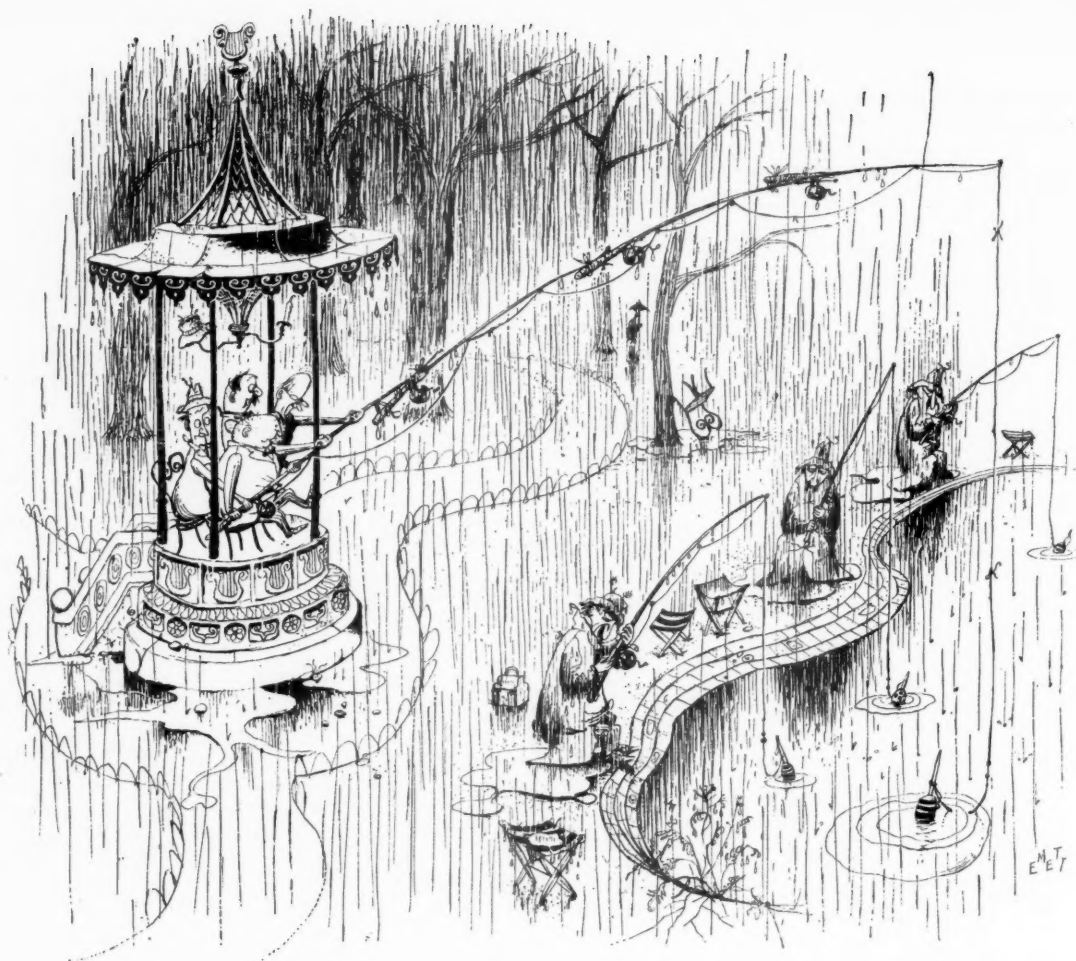


*EVEN THEATRICAL PEOPLE will admit that in one respect at least the films are vastly superior to the actual theatre: I refer, of course, to . . .*



*. . . their perfectly wonderful theatre audiences.*





## MISLEADING CASES

The Missing Day Case

*In re Earl of Munsey: Stewer v. Cobley*

MR. JUSTICE PLUSH said: In this difficult case I have to decide the destination of some enviable property. The deceased testator, the revered Lord Munsey, left all his property (excepting Munsey Castle and Park) to his great-nephew George Stewer "if he has attained the age of 21 before the date of my death": and, if not, to his own brother the Hon. Thomas Cobley. Cobley was the heir to the title and Stewer, it seems, to the Earl's affection. So far, so good.

George Stewer celebrated his twenty-first birthday in London on Monday, May 2nd, 1949, with his

widowed mother, Amanda Stewer, who impressed me favourably. A cable of congratulation, dated May 1st, was received from the Earl, who, enjoying a voyage round the world, was then on passage from Honolulu to Sydney in the s.s. *Asthma*.

But a few days later there came a cable from the captain of the vessel:

DEEPLY REGRET REPORT LORD MUNSEY PASSED AWAY TUESDAY MAY 3RD BURIED AT SEA IN 10 S 176 E LETTER FOLLOWS COOPER MASTER S.S. ASTHMA.

The late Earl, it seems, was very fond of port-wine, which, after a

certain age, should be avoided near the Equator. Thomas Cobley, of whom the Court thought very little, succeeded to the title and the Castle; and the grief of the Stewers was allayed by the reflection that, just in time, young George had qualified for his inheritance.

But it had been a near thing, so near that interested parties were naturally anxious, or hopeful, about the possibility of error: and, when the *Asthma* arrived at Sydney the Captain was interviewed by lawyers acting both for the Stewers and Thomas Cobley. At these interviews a complex question emerged



which it is now my duty to elucidate, if I can.

It was revealed by Captain Cooper that the Earl, by an unhappy chance, had perished very near to what is known by mariners as the Date Line. As a ship goes round the world in a westerly direction she adjusts her clocks to the sun each day, so that the time is 12 noon and lunch is present in the mind when the sun, as the merry sailors say, is "over the yard-arm" or reasonably near it. "Lunch follows the sun", said Lord Mildeu in *Hawaii Harbour Board v. Pacific Navigation Company* (1901), or, as some poet has it—probably the man Haddock—"The farther East, the sooner feast!" for the sun comes, or seems to come, from the East. But, in so doing, the farther she goes from the meridian of Greenwich the more she falls behind Greenwich Time. So, when the ship is on the other side of the earth and is approaching the meridian of 180° she will be nearly twelve hours "slow" on Greenwich, and must add nearly twelve hours to find her "Greenwich Date". In practice, of course, it would be tiresome to change the clocks continually, and the ocean is divided into "zones", in each of which for general purposes an exact number of hours is added or subtracted.

Now, a ship—let us call her *Pneumonia*—a few miles on the other side of the meridian of 180°, steaming east, is in the opposite condition. All the way from the meridian of Greenwich she has been *gaining* on Greenwich—let no man ask the Court to explain why: and she is now nearly twelve hours *fast* on Greenwich. So, in that zone, to find the correct day and hour at Greenwich she must *subtract* twelve hours from the time shown by her clocks. How damn confusing the whole thing is!

But let us return to the *Asthma*. Captain Cooper, who gave his testimony with the refreshing simplicity of the sea, told us that she crossed the meridian of 180° at 1345, by ship's time, on Sunday, May 1st. The moment before crossing, to find his Greenwich Date, he would have to add twelve hours, which would bring him to 0145 on Monday, May

2nd. But, the moment after crossing, he is in a zone (Zone—12) where, like the *Pneumonia*, he must subtract twelve hours to find his Greenwich Date. But if he subtracts twelve hours from 1345, on Sunday, May 1st, he is back at 0145 on Sunday, May 1st. He will then be a whole day behind Greenwich Time. To avoid this unfortunate situation it is the custom of the sea to drop or miss one day and so catch up with Greenwich: and accordingly, the Captain told us, at midnight at the end of Sunday, May 1st, ship's time, he declared the next day to be Tuesday, May 3rd. And it was so. Almost at the same moment—"just after the ship's bell", said the valet—the Earl died: and at eleven on the same day his remains were committed to the deep.

The *Pneumonia*, on the other hand, must make a similar adjustment, or she will be a day *ahead* of Greenwich. She, I am informed, would repeat a day: she would have two Sundays, May 1st, or, better perhaps, two Mondays, May 2nd. In passing, I hope, a mere sedentary judge may be permitted to envy the active life of a sea-captain who is able by his lone decree to create or erase a whole day in the lives of his passengers and crew.

It seems that in a sense, unscientific perhaps, the late Earl had the misfortune to leave this world on the missing day. One rather junior advocate did seem to query whether juridically he was dead at all. But the Captain truthfully reported that he died on May 3rd. The fact is duly recorded in the log, and upon that fact Sir Roger Wheedle claims that Mr. Stewer should succeed.

On the other hand, it was forcibly argued by Sir Ambrose Wett, for Cobley, that in scientific and physical fact Lord Munsey died on Monday May 2nd, and was buried at 2300 that night. He was in vain reminded that there is no reference to May 2nd in the ship's log, and no evidence that anything happened on that day in the *Asthma*. Sir Roger mildly remarked that it was going rather far to suggest that an English peer had died on a day of which there is no record, and was buried

near midnight an hour before he died, according to the Captain. Sir Ambrose said angrily that he was thinking of Greenwich; Sir Roger said that the Earl did not die at Greenwich or anywhere near it; and the Court had to intervene.

Whatever tricks may have been played with the ship's clocks, Sir Ambrose continued, the Earl died at a point in time which could easily be identified and related to the time of George Stewer's majority by reference to the time at Greenwich. He died, according to the evidence, in Zone—12, at 0<sup>h</sup> 0<sup>m</sup> 5<sup>s</sup>, ship's time, on Tuesday, May 3rd, and therefore the date of his death was Monday, May 2nd, the same day as George Stewer's birthday. That being so, said Sir Ambrose, Mr. Cobley was entitled to succeed: for George Stewer had not, according to the terms of the will, "attained the age of twenty-one *before* the date of the testator's death".

This somewhat unworthy contention raised the question of the meaning of "date", about which learned counsel argued for two or three days. Sir Ambrose said that in ordinary parlance "date" meant a particular, specified, numbered day. Sir Roger maintained that "date", among mariners, and especially "Greenwich Date", included the hour as well as the day and the month: that by Sir Ambrose's own showing the Earl had died at about 12 noon G.M.T. on May 2nd, but young Stewer's birthday had begun at midnight.

At length, I ruled that about the meaning of "date" Sir Roger was right: but I called for evidence about the time of George Stewer's birth. No hour is mentioned in the birth certificate.

Sir Roger called Amanda Stewer, who gave her evidence quite charmingly, I thought. She said it was "before lunch" because of the smell of hot boiled bacon, a favourite dish of her husband's. Sir Ambrose called an aged nurse, who had been in attendance on the occasion. She was sure that the time was one o'clock, because, at the dramatic moment, she heard Big Ben strike the hour. That looked, at first, as if Sir Ambrose had prevailed: but in

cross-examination it emerged that British Summer Time was then in use. Therefore the time of the majority was 1200 G.M.T., the same time precisely as, according to Sir Ambrose, the Earl passed away. Even then Sir Ambrose submitted that, if the time were the same, George Stewer could not have become twenty-one "before" the Earl died.

I then caused Captain Cooper to be recalled, in the hope of more precise information. The Captain said, very readily, that it took five and a half seconds to sound eight bells, and so, having regard to the evidence of the valet, he would put the time of the Earl's death at six seconds after midnight on the 3rd by Zone, or Ship's Time, and so at six seconds after noon on the 2nd by Greenwich Mean Time—six seconds later, that is, than the birthday hour.

Sir Ambrose—taken aback, for the first time in our long acquaintance—then made a distasteful and I am sure, unconsidered assault upon Greenwich Mean Time. This, he said, is only a useful fiction, founded on the false assumption that the sun proceeds at a uniform,

unvarying rate: and the reference of all times to Greenwich, he said (though he himself began it here), is only a convenient device to enable the mariner to establish his position. Affairs of substance, he said, such as those before the Court, should be settled, he said, by standards of reality: and the sun is the real, that is, the true standard of time. By the sun, he said, the birthday boy was twenty-one (in longitude  $0^{\circ} 7' 0''$  W) at  $11^h 59^m 32^s$ : but the Earl died at  $0^h 0^m 5^s$ . Sir Roger replied coolly that Sir Ambrose was now confusing zone time and local (or sun) time: and that, by the latter, the Earl died at  $23^h 51^m 53^s$  on May 2nd, nearly twelve hours after his client had become twenty-one.

Sir Ambrose said "No!" very loudly: but then was silent.

The Court confesses that it is as nearly confused as it has ever been. My difficulty might have been less, perhaps, if the Earl had been a passenger in the s.s. *Pneumonia*, and the Captain had elected to have two Sundays, May 1st, for then by some time or other the Earl might have died on the second Sunday before the birthday on the Monday.

But the Court is far from sure: and, fortunately, it is not necessary to decide the point. The Court (it thinks) has learned a great deal, and is filled with wonder at the arrangements of the sea, by which men can fix and relate exactly to a single standard the deeds and movements not only of men and ships but the heavenly bodies in any corner of the earth or sky. And—*pace* Sir Ambrose—how moving it must be to any Briton to think that all this world-wide calculation is done by reference to an imaginary line drawn through a suburb of London called Greenwich!

Moved by these thoughts, by the reasoning of learned counsel, and the beauty of Amanda Stewer, the Court declares that, as a matter of law, by Greenwich Mean Time, the Earl of Munsey died at  $12^h 00^m 06^s$  on Monday, May 2nd, and so George Stewer succeeds under the will by the small but sufficient margin of about six seconds.

But still some practical doubts remain. The Court is loath, for example, to dispute Captain Cooper's log and say that there must, after all, have been a Monday, May 2nd, in his well-found ship. If I did that I might lay the whole record of his voyage, upon which so much depends, open to question. And with what trepidation would every master of a vessel approach the Date Line in future! Further, I ask myself, what is to be inscribed upon the memorial stone or tablet—perhaps in Westminster Abbey—which salutes the life, and deploras the death, of the late Earl of Munsey? Certainly it cannot say "DIED MONDAY MAY 2 IN S.S. ASTHMA": for that would be a lie, an affront to the customs and the records of the sea. I therefore declare that, as a matter of fact, the Earl died, as the Captain says, early on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1949. This makes no difference to George and his delicious mother: but, for all the Court knows, it may cause all sorts of trouble elsewhere. Leave to appeal will eagerly be granted: and the Court looks forward with respect to reading the judgments of their Lordships in the House of Lords.

A. P. H.



## BRIDGE AS SHE IS BIDDEN

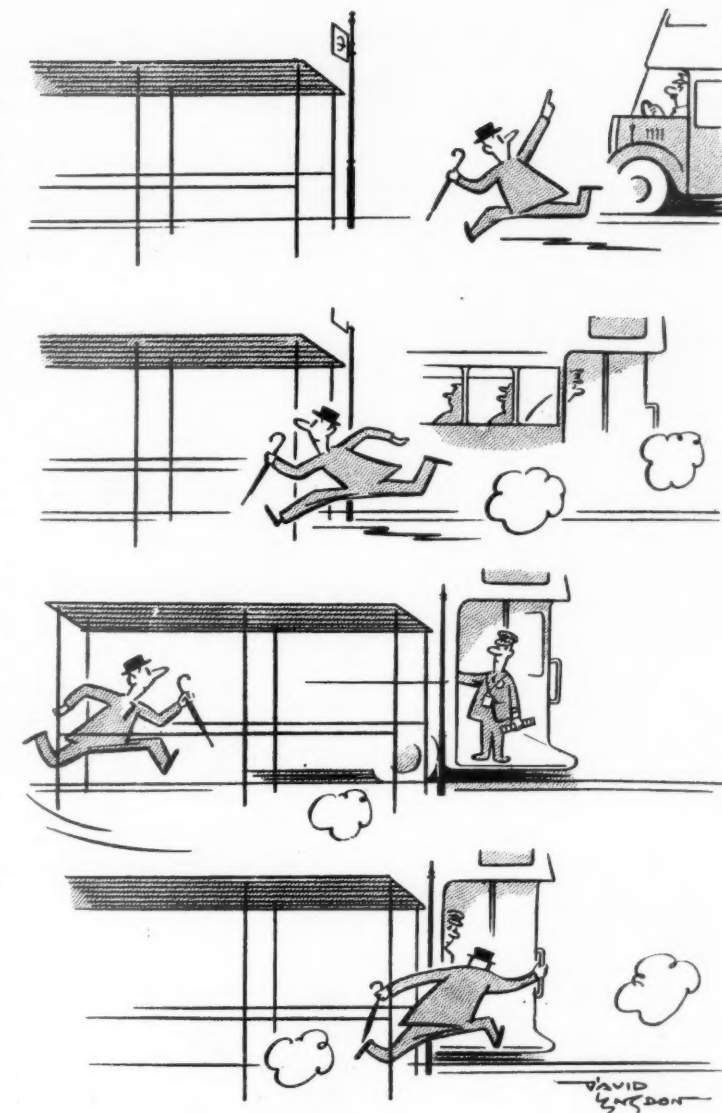
**I** MIX the cards while my friend gives. My friend takes up his leaf and says One Club, my adversary to the right passes, and all look expectantly at me. But my leaf is bewildering. These Austrian cards have no numbers or names in the corners. And in every colour but diamonds I have to keep turning upside down ones right end up.

It is all very difficult for me, I explain, and am met with politely incredulous smiles. Are the English so lazy that they must have the cards added up and labelled for them? Can I not tell the difference between Spade Nine and Spade Ten? Can I not see that kings have crowns, dames have curls and knaves wear a cap? One adversary demonstrates with the Heart Dame, his friend with the Club Knave, while my friend waves the Spade King.

After this instructive interlude my friend repeats his One Club, my adversary to the right passes, I do arithmetic and meditate (that Spade King will be useful) and say One Without. My adversary to the left says Two Diamonds, my friend Two Withouts, which encourages me to proclaim Three Withouts. Three Noes and my adversary to the left plays the Heart Four, whereupon my friend lies on the table and I consider how best to utilize our two leaves.

All goes well, if slowly ("Please, is that the Club Eight or Seven?"), and we unexpectedly make Small Slem (my friend thinks I could have made Big Slem if I had not mistaken the Heart King for the Heart Knave).

Our Three Withouts have given us game, and my friend and I are now in the danger zone. He is auctioned up to Three Spades and I lie hopefully on the table. But, alas, my adversary to the left has a diamond single and my adversary to the right a heart single, and they hither and thither trump, and my friend and I, instead of getting our spades, have two falls. And we are in the danger zone! As they score our two falls our adversaries are



sorry they did not counter my friend and me.

In the next play my friend and I auction our adversaries up to Three Withouts in their turn. My long colour is clubs. Ace, King fall together, my Dame takes the Knave, which leaves my Club Ten high. Our adversaries have one fall already—and then I find that missing Spade Ace in my hand. I have made a renounce! But my adversaries are magnanimous as I shame-

facedly try to explain that with its blank corner I did not recognize the Spade Ace. They restore it to its proper place, three tricks back, try to work out what would have happened in the last two tricks if I had had to lead, give it up, and we all throw in. Very to be regretted, says my friend, because they would fatally have had four falls if I had not made that renounce. Ah, we both think, if only I could always lie on the table!





## THE NEW EVICTIONS

THE auld toll's doun now,  
The job's near completin;  
Aye, the auld toll's doun now,  
And Gib Jack greetin.

They're gi'en him a council house they're biggin near the  
Manse,

Though Gibbie said he'd sooner flit tae Forfarshire or France;  
He was born in the auld toll, his grandfather died in it,  
But och he's gey and auld now: soon he'se no be needin it,

And the auld toll's doun now,  
The place'll soon be nameless;  
Aye, the auld toll's doun now,  
And Gib Jack hameless.

He's threepin he was bien when he stayed in the toll;  
He had nae need o' drains, and a bath he couldnae thole;  
And when the Sanitary says: "Tak shame tae yoursel!"  
Says Gib: "Me want hot water? There'll be routh o't in hell!"

So the auld toll's doun now,  
The Council condemnit it;  
Aye, the auld toll's doun now,  
And it cannae be remedied.

There a gey lot o' forms now, and a when thravn inspectors  
Gaun around like Yankee films, and thrang wi' lie-detectors;  
There nebs about the hallan end, and een fornent the winnock,  
And peerie, skeery bodies after ilk wee sinnock,

So the auld toll's doun now  
Tae no affront the nation;  
Aye, the auld toll's doun now,  
For want o' sanitation.

The laird he ettled tae sort the place whenever he'd dune the  
Mains,

He ettled tae pit a bath in, and syne new-farrant drains;  
But anither winter wantin it he jaloused wad never harm it,  
And he hadnae routh o' siller, and he couldnae win the permit,

So the auld toll's doun now,  
For the laird's siller's limited;  
Aye, the auld toll's doun now,  
Though it wasnae him that tinmit it.

They werenae sic a bad lot, the auld-time lairds:  
They keepit doun the lang nebs, they keepit doun the cairds;  
They were whiles a wee the cankered, they were whiles a wee  
the grand,

But they didnae fash wi' trifles, and they fairly lo'ed the land;  
They'd aye be gleg tae help ye gin your troubles begood tae  
grow,

Gin a wean was ta'en, or the wife was sick, or a haystack took  
alowe;

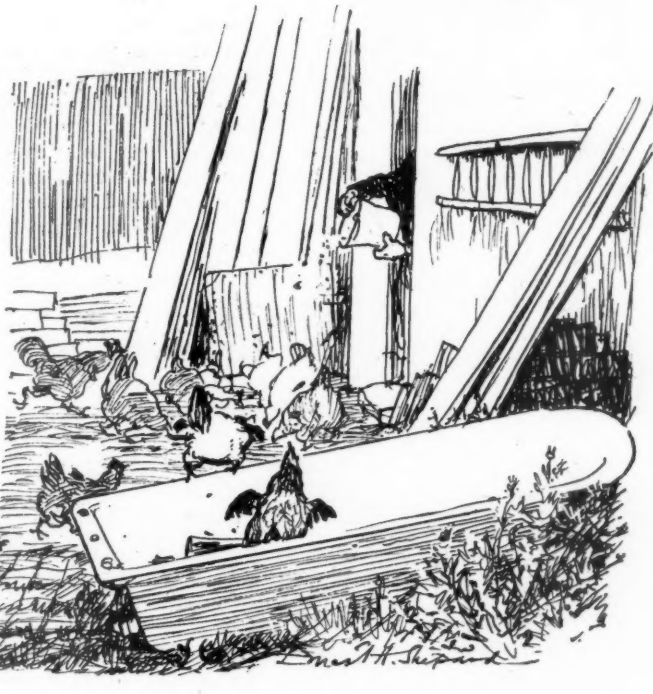
There was aye a taste at Ne'er-Day and ony's amount o' yill,  
And a load o' wud, and a load o' coals, and prizes at the Schule;  
They wadnae hae ca'ed the toll doun; they'd hae let Gib lie  
his lane;

The bath wad lie in the joiner's yard till the day that Gib was  
ta'en;

And them that didnae like the lairds could flit tae where there's  
nane:—

But the auld toll's doun now,  
Gib's hame regardless;  
The auld days dune now,  
And the place'll soon be lairdless.

BERNARD FERGUSON



## THE LINGUIST

I AM always amused when foreigners tell me (as they often do) that the English are really very good linguists. The difficulty is, they say, that the English do not say clearly and loudly whatever words they know, caring not whether they are right or wrong. They mumble shyly, wondering whether they ought to use the subjunctive. They strive after niceties of accent, and only succeed in not being heard at all. It is no use, say these foreigners, looking for the second person indicative plural when you are supposed to be looking for the Bahnhof.

Knowing that this is true, I still mumble my request for pork in French ears and receive asparagus or andouillettes. And this in spite of the fact that on no fewer than three occasions I have proved the foreigners' theory by a successful use of the Russian language, clearly and loudly enunciated.

The first occasion was, admittedly, trivial. Some Russian slave workers, finding themselves newly liberated in Thuringia, entertained a hall full of G.I.s with singing and dancing. They had not then been informed that this area had really been liberated by the Red Army, the G.I.s having driven there unopposed through a country denuded of German troops, as every child now knows. The show was amusing; and there happened to be no other linguist present. I shook the perspiring stage manager by the hand, saying, loudly and clearly, "*Bolshoi spasibo.*"

He blushed pink with pleasure, and made a little speech of thanks in

return. Having listened attentively, I shook his hand again.

"*Bolshoi spasibo,*" I said.

"*Tovarishch,*" I added, for good measure.

He replied at length, but I saw no point in saying *Bolshoi spasibo* again, so I merely shook hands for a third time and walked away. It was a small matter, but who knows? Some unhappy soul behind the Iron Curtain may still remember this, and believe in his heart that the English are human, though naturally he will not say so aloud.

The second occasion was more serious. I found myself surrounded by D.P.s in a brickworks where I had gone to dig up some *Volksturm* rifles from a cellar. I was thinly disguised as a flight-lieutenant at the time; and the Russians, poor ignorant souls, were no more accustomed to this uniform than I was. They took it for field grey, which they had reason to dislike. They murmured "*Niemietski, Niemiet-ski?*" in wondering tones, tinged with hostility. I had with me a negro driver called Hun'r, but he had gone off in the jeep to collect some bottles. I remembered in the nick of time my linguistic powers.

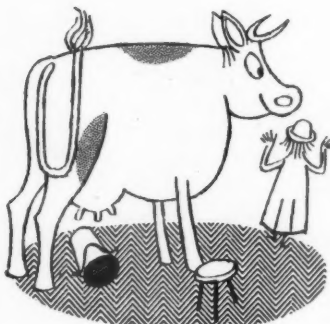
"*Niet,*" I said. "*Angliiski.*"

"*Angliiski?*" they said.

I flapped my arms like a bird.

"*Ptitsa,*" I said. It is the Russian for bird. To know the Russian for bird in time of need is a mark of great linguistic ability.

The Russians became most friendly, and spoke to me in a very interesting fashion till Hun'r came back with the jeep.



Some months later I was at a transit camp in Ulm, with a couple of steel men. It was a lonely place, and the food was not good; and the Polish waiter brought us no butter. We asked him for butter in English and French, which he did not understand, and German, which he understood quite well but disliked. I even thought of trying him in Italian.

"*Non ha lei . . .*" I said, with unnecessary politeness; and then it dawned on me that the Italian for butter had never swum into my ken. I thought of trying burro, but I was confused by some notion that it was the Spanish for mule, and I had no plans against the livestock of the place.

I suddenly remembered how my prowess as a Russian linguist had already cemented international relations and saved my life from a horde of D.P.s. A phrase from the immortal Hugo flashed into my mind. Surely it meant "Have you no butter?"

"*Niet li oo vas masla?*" I said.

The Polish waiter disappeared immediately. It was quite alarming, because he was a hovering type. But he returned swiftly, bringing a pound of butter on a plate. It was magical. The steel men were most impressed.

But the Polish waiter was now determined to converse. He said several interesting things to me, while I spread butter and smiled amicably at him.

"Da-da-da-da," I said, like a machine-gun, as I had heard Russians do so often.

The Polish waiter looked rather puzzled. He made a few short and interrogative remarks. I replied loudly and clearly.

"It is a fine day to-day," I said. "To-morrow I shall go to the station. Where is the hotel? Your uncle is in the street."

The Polish waiter seemed to doubt whether his uncle was in the street. Certainly I had no inside knowledge. The two steel men were still impressed, but I feared that this desirable state of affairs might be short-lived. It was a pity, because it is always a good thing to impress steel men, and far from easy. The Polish waiter had finished a further



"No, you ask the way to the 'Folies Bergère'."

discourse and it was obviously my duty to reply. I gathered myself together for a final linguistic effort, remembering those Russian children's books and nursery rhymes on which my knowledge of the language was so firmly based.

"Here he is, the Leningrad postman," I said, in the loudest and clearest Russian imaginable. "A priest had a dog whom he loved dearly. Your very good health. This is Comrade Lenin, to us he was guide, leader, friend. I was, thou wert, he was. Long live the Communist Party. Long live the glorious Red Army. Greetings. Au revoir. Good night. Farewell."

The Polish waiter was silent,

opening and shutting his mouth like a fish. But still he hovered.

"Where is the N.K.V.D.?" I asked, casually.

The Polish waiter shot from the room. The odd thing is that, somehow, we had breakfast the following morning; but I forget now who brought it.

The only sorrow of my career as a Russian linguist is that I was never able to make use of the numerals from one to ten.

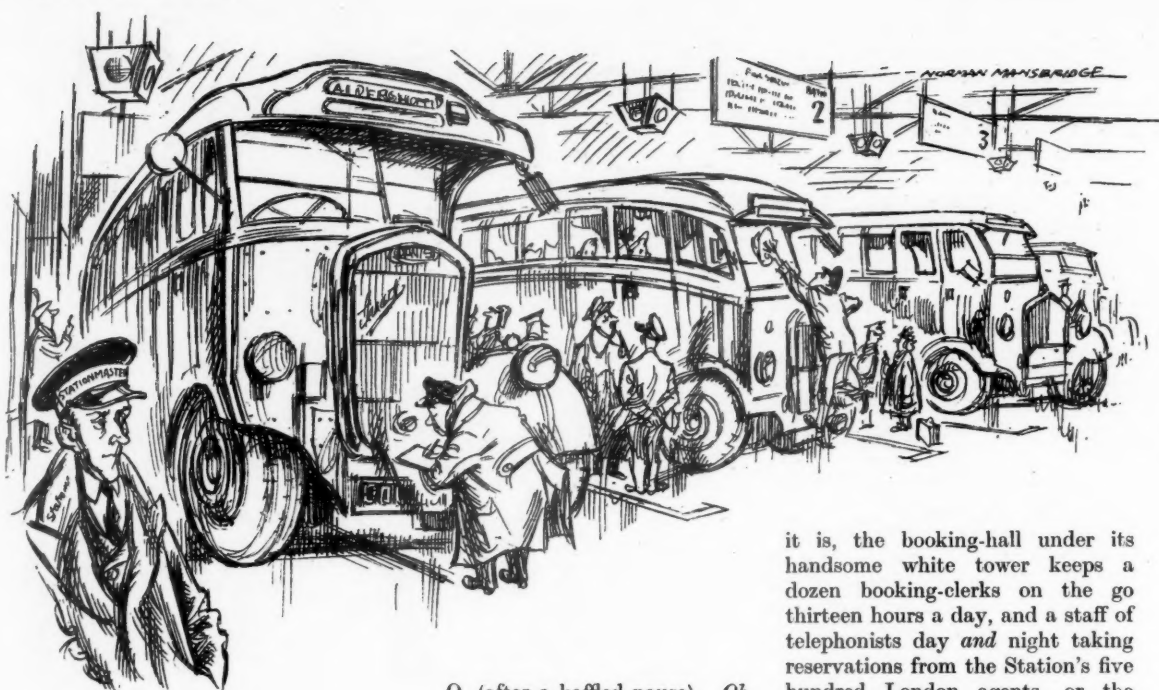
R. P. LISTER

#### Making Crime Pay

"FORGING COMPANY  
INCREASES DIVIDEND"

Headline in trade paper





## WHAT, NO HIGHWAY-MEN?

Victoria Coach Station

HERE in the drivers' canteen opposite the loading-bays the drink is as strong as any I have come across, yet I have no scruples in pouring it down the throat of Driver X, even though he is about to set off on the hazardous night road to Manchester, the lone custodian of thirty-five trusting souls. It is for you, reader, that I descend to this. You may pretend to deplore the increasing sensationalism of these pages, but be honest at least with yourself: confess as you read what follows that the bizarre details of Driver X's adventures contrast vividly with the flat intervening passages which demonstrate how an interviewer's mind, swollen with research, fills in the time while he's thinking of the next question.

Slipping my sixpence across the counter, then, I collect the fourpence change and begin my fell work.

*Q. Do you drive to Manchester every night?*

*A. No.*

*Q. (after a baffled pause). Oh, of course—every other night you drive back?*

*A. That's right.*

... Inside accommodation on the old stage-coaches used to cost sixpence a mile, so a jaunt from London, to, say, Edinburgh, supposing the time-table of the High-flyer or the Old True Blue Independent had provided for such a thing, would have set the traveller back about ten pounds. The railways brought some improvement on that, and even now the third-class fare for the trip is only four pounds and sevenpence. Yet by motor-coach to-day, with a guaranteed seat, air conditioning, electrical heating and a sumptuously superfluous rug your four-hundred-mile ride costs only thirty shillings...

*Q. No doubt you have many exciting and amusing experiences?*

*A. Not really.*

... So now we know why Victoria Coach Station politely declines telephone bookings from members of the poverty-stricken public: it would need half the lines in London. As

it is, the booking-hall under its handsome white tower keeps a dozen booking-clerks on the go thirteen hours a day, and a staff of telephonists day and night taking reservations from the Station's five hundred London agents, or the provincial offices of its forty-five operating companies. To book a seat on a coach you don't have to go to Victoria at dawn and queue all morning: the London agents are chartered with coloured pins on maps worthy of an Army H.Q., and you have only to ring up the Station to learn the address of your nearest...

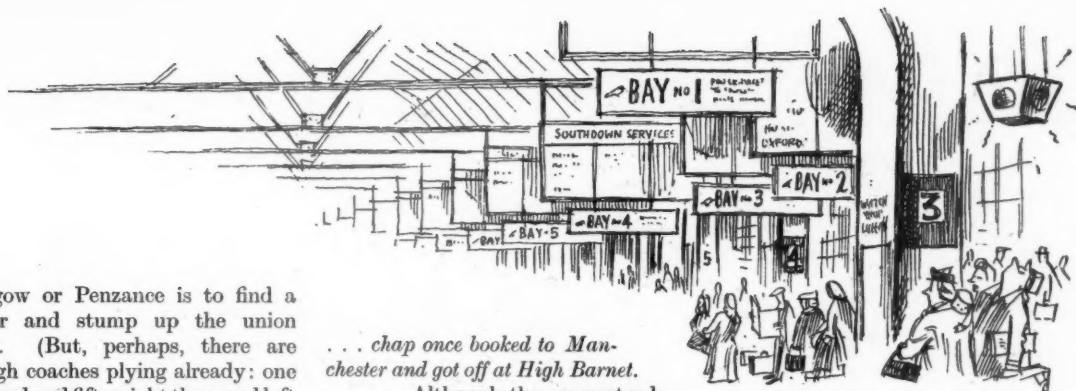
*Q. No crime, drunkenness, among the passengers? Hold ups? Escaped lunatics?*

*A. Not really.*

... The great gulf between rail and coach fares is simply explained: the coach services have no rails to lay, no porters, guards and barmaids to pay; their traffic is controlled free by the police, and their signalling-system furnished by the rate-payer's traffic-lights. Buy your bus, fill its tank, and all you have to do to collect thirty-five fares to







Glasgow or Penzance is to find a driver and stump up the union wage. (But, perhaps, there are enough coaches plying already: one hundred and fifty-eight thousand left Victoria Coach Station last year) . . .

Q. What about breakdowns?

A. Change a wheel.

Q. (cagerly, spilling tea). Ah! Does that often happen?

A. September, 'forty-five. Just this side Macclesfield.

. . . This new, painfully uneventful form of travel began in circumstances similar to those responsible for its recent boom. It was after the first world war that Mr. L. M. Turnham, with his one solid-tyred omnibus, was inspired to make the rounds of London's choked railway stations and, selecting the longest and angriest queue, entice its members with an offer of cheap and immediate transport to their destination; and by the time war had once again wrought havoc with the railway systems Mr. Turnham was General Manager of the company, with a station (and a station-master, believe it or not) of his own—and nearly a thousand "named destinations" to offer the frustrated traveller. And yet, to be accurate, the Coach Station itself puts not a single vehicle on the road; it merely sells tickets on behalf of the operating companies whose capital brought it into being in 1932, and offers such obvious supplementary services as shelter, refreshments (a slap-up, sit-down meal is to be had there, besides the traveller's traditional snack), the custody of left luggage and a staggering volume of punched-card accountancy . . .

Q. Any babies ever born on the bus?

A. No.

Q. Nothing of that kind at all?

A. (after intense thought). Well

. . . chap once booked to Manchester and got off at High Barnet.

. . . Although the guaranteed seat is the greatest selling-point of coach travel it is impossible to convince passengers that their dream of security has at last come true, and they bewilder and infuriate the officials by turning up at the Station as much as two hours before departure time, where they hang about nervously and get in the way; it may be due to an uneasy suspicion that, ticket or no ticket, one coach can never accommodate all the folk who must, surely, want to go to Birmingham or Exeter or Blackpool (change for Windermere) at that particular time; well, very often it can't—but then duplication sets in: often at busy periods twenty or thirty coaches may leave at a single departure time. And exactly twenty (or thirty) coachloads of tickets will have been sold. There is no need to worry about having to stand in the corridor . . .

Q. Oh, is it time for you to be going?

A. That's right. Well, so long.

I follow him across the baldly-lighted, fussless marshalling-yard (the railway traveller misses the hiss of safety-valves, rattle of luggage-trolleys, chink of shunting; a coach stands lumpish and silent until the last moment) and by a stroke of much-needed fortune encounter Driver X's duplicate, Driver Y, a small, cheerful man who bursts out laughing when I comment on the unevenfulness of modern coaching.

"Listen," he says—and at the twinkle in his eye I get out my notebook afresh—"I been stuck two days. Come down Monday on a duplicate, wasn't wanted till tonight. Been walkin' round London,

and this afternoon a woman comes up to me and asks the way to York Street."

"Yes, yes? Go on!"

"Well, there you are," he says. He looks quite hurt that the joke has failed to register, but explains kindly. "What it is, they don't bother to read your cap. Well, so long."

The clock says half-past ten, the regulator nods to Driver X, and the two coaches depart for Manchester with a muffled roar. I know from a stolen glance at Driver X's journey-sheet that he has a passenger to pick up in Birmingham at 3.53 A.M., but I'll bet a bus to a biscuit that that's the highlight of the ten-hour drive. Rail travel may cost more, there are no rugs supplied and you may have to stand all the way, but at least there's always a sporting chance of having a bash at the terminus buffers.

J. B. BOOTHROYD





### WHERE TO BUY GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

**G**RAMOPHONE records may be bought at four different types of shop which the intending buyer will visit in the order of their proximity to his home. Thus the first place you consider is generally a bicycle shop where the records are fastened on to boards by nails which go through the hole in their centre. They hang down in festoons between bunches of reflectors, bells, brake-blocks and coloured felt flags for fastening on to the front mudguard when you go whirling over the broad back of England.

Cycle shops which sell records are sometimes known to make another excursion into music by selling piano-accordions. This is because the latter instrument is a sort of portable cinema organ by means of which a man can carry into the country the maximum amount of urban comfort in the minimum space. Serious cyclists are devoted to its music, and a high percentage of the gramophone records sold at cycle shops are of piano-accordion music.

Another place where you may

buy records is upstairs behind the furniture department and before the restaurant of a large store. Though, generally speaking, to reach them you have to follow a sign saying "TELEVISION DEMONSTRATION," it all comes to much the same thing in the end. The music department of this type of shop has existed ever since sheet music and pianos were bought on a large scale. Pianos are furniture and so of course came under the appropriate department, with sheet music living on its edge like a sort of nomadic bad brother. Now that people who can play the piano are so few the large stores have given up sheet music in favour of gramophone records. But there was a time when such departments kept a resident pianist and singer who would go over the ditties for the customer. Since the restaurant dates back to the hey-day of the *thé dansant*, effects could be economically combined by employing the same musician at both places, and the restaurant and music department had to be sufficiently near to

allow him to get rapidly from one to the other. The scene of such naïve gaieties has now, however, become desolate with baked beans and cafeteria machinery, and the gramophone department has become equally gloomy. Presiding over a library of recorded film music is a young lady so rarely patronized that she paints her nails all day from a small bottle under the counter. Her only companion is the lift-man with whom she holds spasmodic conversation truncated by his comings and goings. Even at that he is one of the firm's oldest servants waiting for his pension in a few months, and the young lady is intellectually out of touch with him and feels frustrated. (The writer knows this because he spoke to her and she told him so, one afternoon just before the shop shut.)

That you are unlikely to meet with success in such a place is inevitable unless you are looking for piano concertos from films about manic depressives, and it must be said that a more legitimate journey into the past may be taken at a third type of establishment.

Such a shop is frequently to be found in a side turning, where a cat sleeps in the window on a heap of wrapperless records, among satin slippers, ostrich fans, grey bowler hats, pleated dress shirts and Chinese pottery. Here patience and vigilance may be rewarded by the Danny Kayes of yesterday: Mr. Charles Penrose side-splits his way through a sketch called "Simpering Suzy and the Sousaphone", Miss Florrie Forde sings "I'm alone because I love you", while, with that disconcerting pace which made the audience marvel that he did not tumble into the orchestra, Mr. G. H. Elliott sings "I used to sigh for the silv'ry moon." More recent visitors to the somewhat dusty caravansarai are two predecessors of Mr. Carroll Gibbons, namely, Fred Elizalde and his Music and Bert Ralton's Savoy Havana Band, while for those who do not consider this the music of more spacious times Mr. Jay Whidden and his New Midnight Follies Dance Orchestra, from the Hotel Metropole, London, offer possibly the longest band title ever printed on one label. Thinned down considerably by pulping owing to wax shortage, the ranks of the second-hand afford glimpses of the ideal, since only the best has been recorded in sufficient quantity to have survived the war.

The fourth establishment which offers some assurance that the gramophone record is not fast disappearing into the limbo from which it is wont to rescue others is the large theatre-ticket-cum-music emporium. At last in its proper setting, the record appears amid busts of Beethoven and Mozart in a place where you may also buy violins, pianos, mountainous sets of tympani and even piano-accordions. There is only one thing to be said against such a place, namely that the humble record seems altogether too unworthy a purchase, and the customer feels it his duty to come away with at least two albums of light opera and a banjolele, when all he wanted was a record of "The Poker Game" by Phil Harris. Business can, however, be transacted with discretion, and sound-proof cubicles

ensure that only the customer hears his own confessional of musical taste. Moreover, selection from the catalogue can cloak the whole thing in complete anonymity, since whether you buy Berlioz or Benny Goodman is known only to the young lady assistant. To her everything is a matter of numbers, so that Duke Ellington's "Rocking in Rhythm" and Schumann's "Fantasiestücke Op 12," merely boil down to Brunswick 1105 and H.M.V. B44467. To the very timid, for whom one gramophone record from such a place seems barely adequate, the purchase of a G string for a guitar may be recommended as the most economical way of giving oneself a more professional air.

2      2

"The tendency of merchandise offices to restrict buying generally, owing to heavy stocks, has found some stores very short of corsets—a department which has consistently maintained figures throughout the past months."—"Drapers' Record"  
The department seems to know what it's about.

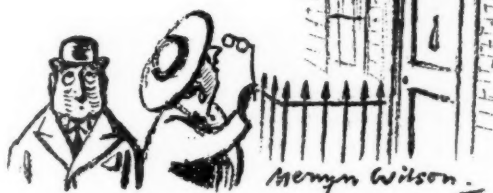
## MOUNTAIN ASH

SLENDER stem of silver  
in the rock-reft hill-cleft,  
lace of leaves  
across the crag-black wall,  
wet with web  
of wind-spray dew-play  
in diamond drape  
from the flinging fall:

dryad; naiad; delicate,  
frond-dim, thread-slim  
in singing silence,  
nymph whose white limbs wear  
carcanet of chrysoprase,  
vermilion carnelian,  
sardonyx, chalcedony  
and ruby rare:

foundling seed of beauty  
stream-sown, earth-grown,  
ripened with rains  
into harvest-sheen,  
berried with dawn-gleam,  
sun-thriven, wind-shriven;  
stray-birth, earthing,  
star-crowned queen.

"Someone you know?"





## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



### Monday, November 28th

It was clear when the House assembled that some announcement

**House of Commons:** was to be expected about  
**Two Ministerial Announcements** food. It was

noted that the Parliamentary Private Secretaries—those tireless carriers of news to the more remote Back-benches—were very active, and the Government benches were well tenanted when the proceedings began. Mr. JOHN STRACHEY, the Food Minister, walked in with a relatively cheerful expression.

Another clue declared by the cynics to be infallible was that a by-election had just begun in South Bradford. A clue fastened on by the more charitably-minded was that Christmas was only so few queueing-days away.

Anyway, the Government supporters sat up with eagerness when Mr. STRACHEY rose to reply to one of the most patently "arranged" questions ever put in the House. The questioner even had his supplementary questions all nicely (if artlessly) arranged too.

Mr. STRACHEY announced that the meat ration would go up by 2d. a week—from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d.—for several weeks, and certainly well over the Christmas and New Year period—

"And the General Election?" cried jesting Tories.

At the end of question-time the House listened in sympathetic silence to a statement by Mr. CREECH JONES, the Colonial Secretary, on action taken in consequence of rioting that had occurred in Nigeria. He said he had set up a judicial inquiry, and Mr. ANTHONY EDEN gave his august approval.

And then Mr. ALFRED BARNES walked to the table (he seemed so anxious not to make too much display that he did not even go so far as the Treasury Box) and, in a soft voice, read a statement about British Railways which had not had any advance boosting. As Members

listened their faces lengthened and the silence grew oppressive.

For the Minister announced that the four and three-quarter millions loss by the nationalized railways last year had been converted into a loss of "more than twenty millions" this year, and a prospective figure "still greater" in the next year.

The silence was broken by a non-Party gasp of dismay. Then Mr. BARNES went on to say that the Transport Commission had asked that freight charges—not passenger fares—should be raised and that he

which had already had long and fruitful examination by their Lordships.

### Tuesday, November 29th

The House of Lords was filled for the last round of the two-years-long contest over the Parliament Bill, which seeks to cut from two years to one the period of delay the Lords may enforce on legislation.

The Bill had been passed three times by the Commons and the statutory period of two years had elapsed since the first passage, so the requirements of the Parliament Act, 1911, had been satisfied. Now their Lordships knew that whether they agreed or not the Bill would go through and in due time receive the Royal Assent and become an Act.

But the Opposition Peers do not take these things lying down, and when the time came they voted against the second reading by 110 votes to 37.

The Commons heard from Mr. MORRISON a tribute to the zeal and good work of Whitehall's Press Officers and the announcement that some economies were to be made without impairing their efforts. Mr. M. gave a quick review of the Report of the Committee on Home Information Services; but did not dwell on the fact that these services now cost us over five million pounds, as against the 1938-39 bill for just under half a million.

The House went on to talk about the Festival of Britain, Voters' Lists and Married Women's Inheritances one after the other. It wasn't very festive.

For the record: Mr. Speaker endeared himself even more to the House by a human little aside. When several Members rose at once he delighted the House and raised a roar of laughter by calling "Mr.—er, *Whatsit*—Cooper." The name will probably stick, but the victim shared the general amusement.



### Impressions of Parliamentarians

99. Lord Swinton

intended to consult transport experts and business heads about this.

With what may be described as a compassionate glance over his shoulder at his startled and woe-begone supporters the Minister returned modestly to his seat. In a moment Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE was up with a few awkward questions on behalf of the Opposition—and a blunt intimation that they would want to know lots and lots more in the debate on transport fortunately arranged for Thursday. As they walked out to other business Members talked only of the rail-charges increase. Nobody mentioned the two-pennyworth of meat; such is the hazardous nature of modern politics.

The Commons debated at length the Bill to make changes in the system of Justices of the Peace,





"Are all the children here? I've just seen a toad in the garden."

Wednesday, November 30th

The two Houses were in very different moods to-day, and for once it was the House of Lords: Hard Words Upper House House of Commons: Kind Words that was in a bad temper.

Perhaps the benevolence of the Commons had an explanation in the presence of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, whose seventy-fifth birthday it was. When he entered he seemed surprised at the roar of cheers that came from both sides of the House. He bowed, blushed and grinned like any embarrassed schoolboy. But when, at the end of Questions, Mr. ATTLEE calmly brushed aside rules of order and rose to make an "official statement," Mr. CHURCHILL seemed too astonished for words.

The Prime Minister, with that graceful shyness which so well becomes him, offered his own and the House's congratulations with much the air of a little boy congratulating a hero-worshipped big brother—and it was precisely the right touch. A smile of the sheerest delight came to the face of Mr. C. For a moment he

sat as though struggling with his emotion, then, his voice a little husky, he rose and "humbly thanked" the Prime Minister and the House, adding with gentle humour that he had been struck by the unanimity with which the House approached the more important things of life.

It was a moving little scene, such as only the House of Commons, perhaps, can produce.

How different was the atmosphere in their Lordships' House! There, reiterated complaints from Lord CALVERLEY about *A Streetcar Named Desire* led to cries of "Order!" and a final bark from Lord CALVERLEY to fellow-Party Member Lord CHORLEY: "I don't take my orders from *you*, at any rate!"

With a startled titter, the House passed on to other things.

Lord LISTOWEL, for the Government, issued a warning to United Nations and other would-be interferers in the affairs of the Commonwealth that Britain knew what she was about and would not stand for any interference. A sentiment

which seemed to command general approval.

Thursday, December 1st

Lord PAKENHAM, Civil Aviation Minister, in the Lords, and Mr.

ARTHUR HENDERSON, Air Minister, in the Commons, joined in a duet of regret and repentance over the dissent they had expressed from a report on an air crash at Prestwick, involving a Dutch airliner.

The repentance was confined to the method of publishing the dissent, and Mr. HENDERSON, whose part seems to have been a minor one, was given a quick acquittal. But Lord PAKENHAM endured many hours of debate and heard many acid (if kindly meant) criticisms of himself before he was able to win a disagreement among the jury which enabled him to leave the court without a verdict against him. But most listeners felt, with regret, that he had not won himself a clear acquittal.

And there is, in all probability, to be a re-hearing, before the Commons, soon.

## IN A RAILWAY REFRESHMENT ROOM

**H**OW long since you left India, then? Cheers!

Cheers! Oh, after August '47. Chucked my hand in.

So did I. Quite impossible to go on, of course.

Quite. Disgusting show.

Where are you living now?

Manchester. And you?

Hull.

What's Hull like?

So-so. The memsahib doesn't like it. Too cold and dry. The natives aren't bad when you get to know them. What about Manchester?

Not so good. It isn't the heat, it's the humidity. Bit like Cherapunji. I like it a shade drier myself.

Family there?

No. Haven't got a bungalow yet. They're still up in the hills.

By jove, so are mine! Where did you send yours?

Buxtonabad—I mean Buxton.

Oh, I went for Wales. Got a little place about nine hundred feet up. Good fishing. No mahseer of course, only trout.

H'm! Bit out of the way, isn't it? Kutch furniture and tin baths and all that, I suppose?

No, we were lucky. Sanitary bathrooms, quite up-to-date. Doesn't seem to suit the kids, unfortunately.

Altitude, I expect. The Welsh make good servants, I'm told.

Same as anywhere else. You know what it is. Still, the memsahib did pick up a good ayah. But the language is the snag. Frightful but they speak in those parts.

Yes, a jungli crowd, those hill tribes.

How d'you find Buxton?

Quite good. Civilized sort of place. Paved roads, and the people speak English. No typhoid, no mosquitoes. Nice little cantonment altogether.

Food?

Good average. Of course most of it has to come up from the plains. Even get sea fish up.

Not bad. Might give it a trial next year.

We're thinking of trying the frontier next year.

What, Scotland? Bit of a trek, isn't it? Only partially administered territory, too, I believe.

Oh, it's quite subdued these days. Of course there are still garrisons on the strategic roads—Stirling, Perth, Fort William, and so on.

That's the stuff. Show the flag. Where did you think of staying?

Haven't gone into it properly yet. Might take the car and all our own gear. I dare say there are dak bungalows on the main routes, and

you can bet the P.W.D. has rest-houses in all the best spots.

Well, it sounds all right. Might be awkward going through the passes alone.

Maybe. Still, one could always tag on to a convoy or arrange to follow the relieving column.

H'm, that should be possible. Yes, it's very attractive—and, I say, you might pick up a case or two of Scotch cheap straight from the still.

Gad, we might at that! Hi, bearer! Ham ko—oh, I beg your pardon, miss, I only—oh, is it? Oh, dear! Well, could we have two cups of coffee, please?

## OLD HOUND REMEMBERS

Plinlimmon Country

**S**TIFF shank, dropped flank;  
heavy of head;  
lone in the kennels,  
lame in the shed:

drowsed eye, drooped ear;  
stretched in the sun  
limp-lain, scant-breath:  
hunting's done.

Once, in the young days, the white dews greying,  
feet were fleet; and the head, held high,  
quested the coverts where the bracken's swaying  
fleece the green ridges shouldering the sky.

Vainly might the vixen run, furthering or nethering:  
straight to the scent that was windy wine,  
quick in cast and first from feathering,  
strong thew, bell-mouth, held to her line.

Wood-ways, plain-sward or tangle-tether,  
ling-bloom, green broom or star-gold gorse,  
in ice-sheen sun or woe-weed weather,  
keen eye, sure pad failed no course.

Sundew and stag-moss; hag-foss; boulder;  
peregrine's pathway; heron's haunt;  
scree-fall; rock-wall; the scent grown colder.  
View and the halloo! and the horn's high vaunt!

Once in the morning,  
how the pack threw tongue,  
high among the heathers  
when the days were young!

Sunk shank, failed flank;  
hunting's done:  
dim-eyed, dying,  
dream in the sun.

## AT THE PLAY

*A Month in the Country* (NEW)—*Fumed Oak* and *Fallen Angels* (AMBASSADORS)

THE third play in the Old Vic repertory is TURGENEV's beautiful, disturbing *A Month in the Country*, and though I must confess to wishing it briefer than three and a half hours, Mr. MICHEL SAINT DENIS has, on the whole, brought it successfully to the stage. It is a very tough nut for a producer to crack without chipping some of the delicate edges. Most of the characters end up even more frustrated than they were in the beginning, and yet there is a sharply comic background to their miseries, and the last curtain falls on *Liza* apparently looking forward to the extraordinary matrimonial schedule mapped out for her by the absurd doctor.

Mr. SAINT DENIS skilfully establishes an atmosphere ripe for Russian ups and downs, and on its lighter plane the play comes off very well. The main weight, however, has to be supported by *Natalya*, the neurotic hostess, who, tiring of her resident admirer, falls in love with a young tutor and thereby wrecks the happiness of *Vera*, her ward. *Natalya* lives at high tension, and five acts of taut nerves are difficult to compass. Where a trifle more repose, a trifle more humanity

would have helped, Miss ANGELA BADDELEY takes the note of brittleness too far, but her performance has sensibility and she plays the biggest scenes, in which *Natalya* digs out *Vera's* secret and declares her own passion for the tutor, with a true understanding of *Natalya's* suffering. Miss YVONNE MITCHELL's *Vera* is uncommonly good, a really touching study of adolescence awakening, and the gaucherie of the terrified tutor is nicely managed by Mr. NIGEL STOCK. The part of the tame beau is rather unrewarding, but Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE fills it in pleasantly.

On the comic side there is a first-rate piece of eccentric observation by Mr. MARK DIGNAM as the match-making doctor, whose own proposal is superbly funny; and Mr. WALTER HUDD, Miss DIANA CHURCHILL and Mr. GEORGE BENSON contribute richly. Miss TANYA MOISEWITSCH's trimmings are delightful, and though I think this production must go a little below the other two in the current repertory it should certainly be seen.

Neither *Fumed Oak* nor *Fallen Angels* seems to me to merit revival, but Mr. WILLARD STOKER's production of them is scarcely a fair test, for the two HERMIONES, BADDELEY and GINGOLD, form a chemical combination that gravely distorts Mr. COWARD's intentions. It is of course amusing to see these two mistresses of burlesque piling on their personal aces, but not for a whole evening when the burlesque is out of place. *Fumed Oak* survives

*A Month in the Country*

## Gentlemen in Retirement

Ignaty Ilyitch Shpigelsky—MR. MARK DIGNAM; Mihail Alexandrovitch Rakitin—MR. MICHAEL REDGRAVE; Alexey Nikolayevitch Belaiyev—MR. NIGEL STOCK

the ordeal the better, but the idea of a hen-pecked Little Man (brother to Charles in "The Breadwinner," only living in lower suburbia) turning on his horrible females would obviously be more effective if they were merely grim and not the HERMIONES out for laughs. *Fallen Angels* is pathetically of the 'twenties, a period for whose aching youth we can feel no nostalgia, and this pair of silly wives in an amorous dither are poor company in spite of all the efforts of two actresses brilliant but miscast. In both pieces Mr. MAURICE DENHAM (our good friend Dudley Davenport) and Miss DIANA LINCOLN distinguish themselves, and to *Fallen Angels* Mr. PAUL DUPUIS brings the touch of Gallic address it sadly needs.

ERIC KEOWN

\* \* \* \* \*

## Recommended

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—*Globe*—Witty comedy by a poet.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—*Lyric*—Late Restoration brilliance.

THE HEIRESS—*Haymarket*—From Henry James' story, very well staged.

\*TREASURE HUNT—*Apollo*—Irish extravagance, with Sybil Thorndike exquisitely mad.

(\*Suitable for young people)

*Fallen Angels*

## Ladies in Waiting

Julia Sterroll—MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY  
Jane Banbury—MISS HERMIONE GINGOLD



## THE DREAM AND THE PICTURE

DREAMING is a faculty highly approved of in writers and, especially, poets as the means by which they achieve a superlative beauty, but whether visual artists share this faculty to the same creative effect is more debatable. In that wonderful example of the poetic dream, Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, the phrases "stately pleasure-dome," "caverns measureless to man" evoke ideas which could hardly be made actual to the eye. A stately pleasure-dome enough is the Brighton Pavilion, but the poetic sentiment of its designer produced no more than an oddity of architecture. The caverns measureless to man, if the attempt were made to picture them, might easily become a vulgar exercise in perspective.

The greatest painters and draughtsmen have seldom ventured into the poet's dreamland. A Rembrandt or a Velazquez is concerned not with visions but with what is visible. They value the play of light and colour on a surface (how exciting to see, how dull and flat in words) far more than extraordinary ideas. The light and colour have

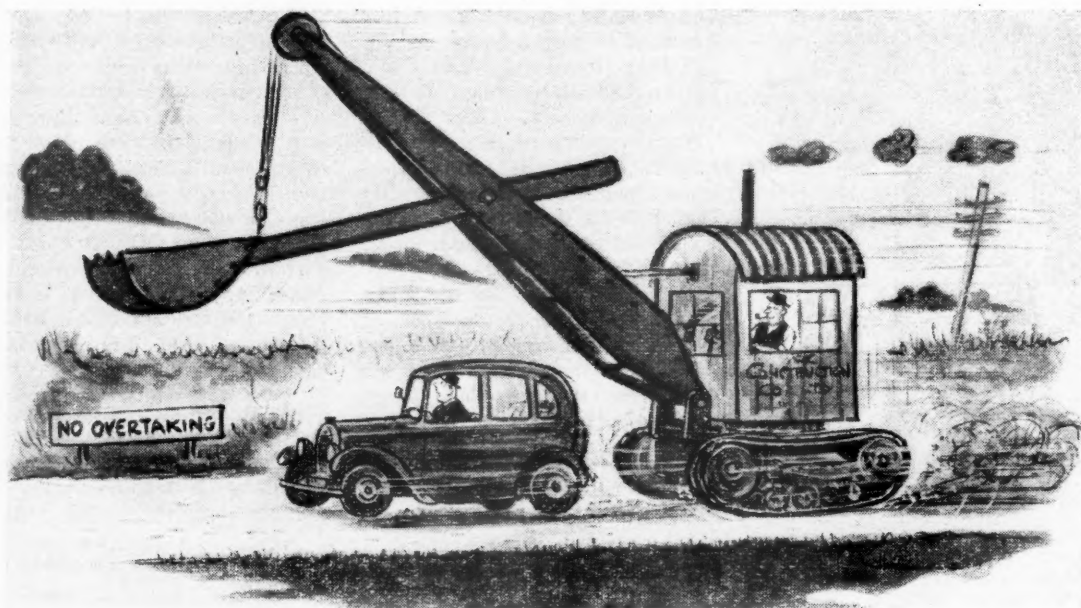
a beauty, and even a mystery, which belong to their art alone. Almost, it might be said, they would be less profound if they were more imaginative. If the standard of judgment is based on the normality—the realism—of such masters as these then it follows that those others who depict, or try to depict, the abnormal and the unreal belong to a lower category of art. If the unreal is beautiful in words, in paint does it not become merely "bizarre" with all the implications that odd word has of something imperfect and confused?

In this way the question seems easily settled, though perhaps a shade too easily. Is it fair to the pictorial dreamer to make these comparisons? Shall we say that William Blake was no more than a tenth-rate Michelangelo because the anatomy of his figures was imperfect? This would obviously be quite beside the point in an estimate of Blake's unique visionary designs.

Their merit is that of instinctive expression. They do not copy or illustrate poetry but they derive from the same source. They are the

ultimate outcome of that well of dreams and marvels, the subconscious mind. The critical foot-rule, therefore, must be adjusted to the two different worlds of those who look out and those who look in. Considered as explorers who bring to the light of day records of the mysterious inward world of the subconscious, the dream painters, so far as they are sincere, that is to say genuinely uncontrolled in fancy, have a separate place and value of their own. A recent exhibition at the Arcade Gallery in London devoted to "Painters of the Fantastic and the Bizarre" suggested these thoughts. It did not, as a larger exhibition might have done, include examples of Blake, or Jerome Bosch, or the modern surrealists who have devised a somewhat Freudian dream world in pictures. It presented, however, some amazing views of phantom, ruined cities by the little-known seventeenth century painter Desiderio—essentially and recognizably dreams—strange, impossible, yet perhaps within most people's sleeping experience. The thrill they give is not quite that "little sensation" as it has been called which signalizes the perception of beauty—but at least it is a thrill.

WILLIAM GAUNT



## BOOKING OFFICE

## From France

"I AM quite willing to be baptized in the waters of universal suffrage, but I do not intend to live out my life with wet feet," said Louis Napoleon as late as 1852. The things that most forcibly strike an Englishman reading French history are, first, the inability of the French, partly for temperamental reasons and partly because of feudal values never satisfactorily resolved, to develop a stable parliamentary system and, second, the difference between the menaces besetting a continental power and an island. It is almost impossible for us to imagine the anxieties of a country with a great land frontier.

A third and comforting impression one gets from M. André Maurois' *A History of France* is her remarkable capacity for recovery from even the deepest wounds. The Hundred Years War was as shattering as 1870 and 1914; from all three she pulled herself together with astonishing energy, and the signs are that she is doing so again. An awkward choice between America and Russia now overshadows her policy, and M. Maurois believes that if it is forced on her those in favour of America will prove about two to one.

Although packed into a single volume his history finds room for France's origins (how many Englishmen, cooking themselves at Antibes, realize it was once a Greek port called Antipolis?), and also for a reasonably full account of the mediæval glories to which all western civilization owes a lasting debt and of the fabulous and exquisite world insulated at Versailles. About the causes of the Revolution he differs from Taine. It was not, he says, a logical doctrinaire movement towards a specific goal but a natural reaction to feudal intolerance that yet carried with it respect for the monarchy. "The French of Louis XVI's day had a mind to repair the house, not to tear it down"; they tumbled, "without foreseeing it, into a sanguinary revolution which those who began it had never wanted."

Written with extreme lucidity and ably translated by Mr. Henry L. Binsse, this is a fair and, in the main, balanced record, taking proper pride in the achievements of France's arms and culture, in her peculiar influence as a clearing-house of ideas, but also seeing her faults clearly: in 1940 "civic courage and fiscal courage had long since grown weak." Few will blame M. Maurois for deploring the Treaty of Versailles, the British naval treaty with Hitler or our lack of firmness when the Nazis marched into the Rhineland. When he comes to this last war, however, his story suffers through compression. Laval, for instance, is only mentioned once, and incidentally, while the Service ministers responsible for the state of the Army and Air Force get off far too lightly. And the phrasing is unfortunate by which Gort's withdrawal to Dunkirk is ranked with the Belgian surrender as a disastrous event, without the necessary explanation that the one followed on the other and that, owing to the Gamelin-Weygand change-over, Gort had no orders for four vital

days. But this is obviously no more than a fault of condensation. Elsewhere the references to British exploits are as generous as one would expect from so tried a friend as M. Maurois. Indeed, he leaves out Oran altogether.

From the existentialist swamp comes another book, fortunately less representative of France (or of anywhere else outside an asylum), of which a winning paragraph of the publisher's blurb will give quite a good idea: "The dumb courage of 'The Wall'—hopeless, expecting no release; the sordid earthy lust of the title story; the decadent development of 'The Childhood of a Leader'; the perversion of 'Erostratus'; and the insanity of 'The Room' are different facets of the same post-war world." Of which post-war world, one asks? The book contains five translated short stories by M. Jean-Paul Sartre, is well called *Intimacy*, and in its boyish determination to make us curl up in disgust leaves "Lady Chatterley's Lover" asleep at the post. These elaborately mephitic pieces are constructed on the standard Sartre formula of sadistic violence plus a nebulous philosophy of despair. It only remains for someone to assure me that Sartre is really an indomitable puritan, like Tennessee Williams.

ERIC KEOWN

## An Allegory of Power

*Men of Stones*, Mr. Rex Warner's new allegorical novel, has the fertility of invention, beauty of writing and power of narrative which reached their height in "The Aerodrome," together with a strength of characterization and a rich humour he has not shown before. The Governor of the island prison, who dominates the Government and trains the prisoners to accept him as a god; his millionaire brother, who on leaving the concentration camp sets out to find the miraculous picture; the cultural attaché, who produces "Lear" in the prison and loves the Governor's wife, and the magnificent Captain Nicholas, latest flowering of the



Mercutio tradition, are drawn with a precision rare in allegorical writing. The problem of power is neither stated nor solved, but investigated, and the investigation is the more effective because it is impossible to summarize. Below the limpid ripples of the story shapes gleam larger and more threatening the greater the depth. This is Mr. Warner's best book.

R. G. G. P.

### The Influences of Yeats

It was during his captivity in Japanese hands that Mr. Graham Hough had leisure to reflect on the poetry of W. B. Yeats. In happier circumstances he devoted himself to the task of tracing the genesis of Yeats's ideas back through the æsthetic theories of the 'nineties, largely inspired by Pater, to the teaching of Ruskin, wherein one may see "the life of the imagination asserting its rights against the external order"; and of showing the relevance of this movement of thought and feeling to our own day. The result is *The Last Romantics*, a work of enlightened criticism which demands and rewards the closest reading. For Rossetti and the first passionate phase of Pre-Raphaelitism, which may be viewed as a protest against contemporary industrialism, as well as for Morris's efforts to mitigate the urban squalor, the author displays a sympathy and understanding which one could wish had not been withheld from the æsthetes of the *fin de siècle*.

N. A. D. W.

### The Rural Elia

How few and how precious are books born of long and affectionate meditation! *Charles Lamb and His Hertfordshire* recalls the Elia of Mackery End, Blakesware and Widford and the Elia of Button Snap, a

thatched cottage whose possession aroused, even in "Charlois Agneau," "the feeling of an English freeholder that all betwixt sky and centre was my own." Not even Button Snap could sever Lamb from London, but his country roots saved his sanity; and it pleased him to have "living trees" about him instead of "the dead wood of the desk." Mr. Reginald L. Hine, whose "Confessions of an Un-Common Attorney" bore testimony to his spiritual kinship with Lamb, has here evinced a Hertfordshire neighbourliness that bestrides the centuries. His book holds rarities for the bibliophile: household accounts from Blakesware, Elia's unpublished letters, and extracts from one of his commonplace books. But it is Lamb assembled, not Lamb dissected, that emerges from these happy pages and their wealth of illustration.

H. P. E.

### Romance

Readers rendering to Queen Victoria the reverence due from those who were born in her reign, and younger readers who dislike seeing the words of a novelist put into the mouth of such a legendary royalty as King Edward VII, may deplore the manners shown by Mr. Vaughan Wilkins in his new book, *Once Upon a Time*. It is described as "An Adventure," and it is (goodness knows!) adventurous. The hero is splendidly, roisteringly, dashing, tenderly and quixotically heroic enough to satisfy the impulses of all who bow the knee to "Robin Hood," the "Scarlet Pimpernel" and the lusty ilk that flogs its women and loves them to distraction. The plot is too elaborate for brief description—genealogies, jewels, a lost memory, brutal Germans, charmers and eccentric characters all play their parts very, very stagily. It does seem a pity that anybody who can write and hold attention as well as Mr. Wilkins does at his best should produce something no better than this. But his book is exciting.

B. E. B.

### Books Reviewed Above

- A History of France*. André Maurois. (Cape, 25/-)  
*Intimacy*. Jean-Paul Sartre. (Peter Nevill, 9/6)  
*Men of Stones*. Rex Warner. (The Bodley Head, 9/-)  
*The Last Romantics*. Graham Hough. (Duckworth, 15/-)  
*Charles Lamb and His Hertfordshire*. Reginald L. Hine. (Dent, 18/-)  
*Once Upon a Time*. Vaughan Wilkins. (Cape, 12/6)

### Other Recommended Books

*Walk in Darkness*. Hans Habe. Translated by Richard Hanser. (Harrap, 10/6) First-rate tale of a Negro soldier's follies and sufferings in post-war Europe: restrained, balanced and entirely convincing.

*Versus*. Ogden Nash. (Dent, 7/6) About a hundred new comic poems by a much-imitated but unique author devoted to the unheard-of rhyme. Some are funny nonsense, and others are funny sense.

*The Countryman's Breakfast Poser and Townsman's Rural Remembrancer*. Compiled by J. W. Robertson Scott. (Oxford University Press, 8/6) A little book with a "poser" of literary and/or rural interest, and entertaining country stories and sayings, for every day in the year. Innumerable small photographs and drawings, and a crib at the end.



"We want to know which of us has the inferiority complex."





# CHRISTMAS BOOKS

*for older children*



**N**OWADAYS, story-books for older children are called novels. Most of them are "bloods" without much blood and novelettes purged of love interest. The young heroes and heroines scamper about after spies, yatter in old-fashioned slang, find hidden treasure, get stuck on ledges and cut off by tides, are much more clever than grown-up people, and dreadily like each other.

There are some blessed exceptions, though, and *The Painted Garden* (Collins, 8/6) by Noel Streatfeild is one of the most blessed. She tells how three children (one good at music, one good at dancing and one good with animals only) go with their parents to Hollywood while the film of *The Secret Garden* is being made. The children are such clearly-drawn characters that, after the first introduction, we should know which of them was speaking even if their names were blanked out on the pages. There is a good unusual story and, in spite of ups-and-downs, the book is thoroughly happy. *Green Treasure* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 7/6) is for rather older readers and should be as popular here as it has been in America. The author, M. I. Ross, tells how two boys buy a hearse at bargain price and fill it with paying passengers so that they can visit their grandmother in Florida. Then one of them becomes cook's helper in a "plant-exploring yacht." A monkey is one of the chief characters; the story of the plant-hunting and general adventure is so well told that nobody need be put off by the rather grisly setting-forth. *His Majesty's Players* (Harrap, 8/6) by C. M. Edmonston and M. L. F. Hyde tells the story of twin brothers, living in the reign of Charles I, who joined "Their Majesties' Company of Young Players" and had exciting and *likely* adventures. The authors have been faithful to facts and allow their characters to speak naturally and to have a sense of humour—rare virtues in a book with historical background. Another author who delights us by mixing sound facts with fiction is Aubrey de Selincourt. His new yachting story, *The Raven's Nest* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 8/6), makes most excellent reading. *Tiger! Tiger!* (Macmillan, 6/-) is a really lovely book about a tiger cub named Kash-Mah. The sixteen-year-old author, Patricia Case, describes its jungle training and its escapes from zoo-hunters delightfully and without sentimentality, and she gives us a happy ending. So does Judith M. Berrisford in *Taff the Sheepdog* (University of London Press, 6/-), which tells all about a dog's training from his random puppyhood.

*Collins Magazine Annual* (Collins, 15/-) because it contains a little of everything—short stories, serial

stories, articles, puzzles, verse and suggestions for things to make and how to make them, all by the best authors for children of every age—makes the best link between fiction and more serious books.

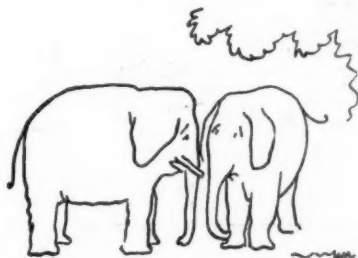
There are several biographies this year. *Swan of Denmark* (Heinemann, 8/6) by Ruth Manning-Sanders is a charming life of Hans Christian Andersen. One enchanting chapter tells how Odense, his birth-place, made holiday in honour of its "Ugly Duckling" when he was sixty-four. "I feel like Aladdin," he said when he knew that "the love which flowed out from him to all things and all people flowed back to him from all people." Then there is *Mr. Oram's Story* (Methuen, 8/6) by Aubrey de Selincourt—"the story of two ships and a man." The man was Captain James Cook, R.N., and the ships were "The Endeavour" and "The Resolution." The story is told (as it was told to him) by Mr. Oram, a sailor, to a small boy on Whitby quay. The perpetual "Mr. David"-ing is a little monotonous, but the conversational form does make the tale vivid. *Fortune My Foe*, in the same series, is told "straight" by Geoffrey Trease in good direct prose.

*The Young Naturalist* (Chapman and Hall, 12/6) by Sir John Buchan-Hepburn was written originally in the form of letters to a schoolboy, and it is excellent. Many of the trees, plants, birds and insects of this country are described in the most pleasant and easy way, and there is good advice on the taming of wild animals.

B. E. BOWER

## Postscript

*Friends of Van* (Country Life, 8/6) by Brenda E. Spender is an exciting story about a boy training for the Merchant Navy and his friends, St. John Ambulance cadets. *Bertie's Escapade* by Kenneth Grahame is reprinted (Methuen, 5/-), with the illustrations by Ernest H. Shepard, from *First Whisper of the Wind in the Willows*.



"What's the use of fighting it, darling? This thing is bigger than both of us."



## THE PLANNERS

THE old man creaked with senile satisfaction. "Don't reckon Mary'll see the winter out, I don't," he said.

The other man said "You don't?"

"Don't reckon so. Won't last till Christmas. Cut Bill up when she goes, it will."

"I expect it will."

"Cold old 'ouse they live in, it is. No central 'eating, none o' that nonsense. I've been there when the 'ot water bottle's froze solid with me in the bed."

The other man shivered.

"To say nothing of chipping the face flannel off the marble wash-stand in the morning," the old man added, with grim enjoyment.

The other man said "Excuse me," and went over to the corner and got his overcoat.

The old man summed up the facts which had been established. "No place for anyone with a weak chest like Mary, it isn't," he said.

"No."

"Then Bill'll be left with Maggie and Anne."

"There's a good bit of difference between them," the other man said, "isn't there?"

"Maggie's twenty. Anne's twelve."

"Maggie can look after him," said the other man.

The old man glinted wickedness from under his eyebrows. "She won't want to do that for the rest of 'er life, she won't," he said.

"No."

"Girls don't like being tied. It's not surprising. And Maggie" (the old man was practically bubbling now) "is engaged."

"She is?"

"Nice young chap," the old man elaborated, delighted. "Can't keep 'im waiting about for 'er for ever." He paused, then continued: "And 'e won't want Bill coming living with 'em, neither."

"No."

"You don't want to marry your father-in-law. So Bill," he concluded, "'ll only just 'ave Anne."

He moistened his lips and considered this situation. "She's still a kid at school," he said, and leaned back as if he had surprised himself by the ease with which the difficulty could be negotiated.

"Doesn't Bill's mother live with them too, though, anyway?" the other man asked.

The old man looked at him. "'Er!" he said, in simple contempt. "She drew 'er post war credits out last week. You know 'ow old you 'ave to be before they let you get them things out."

Together they sat silent for a moment, then the old man creaked all over again, and ancient glee

oozed thickly through his pores. He stood up, and straightened himself, then tapped his finger on the other man's shoulder. His merriment could hardly be contained. "And then," he said, and he stopped for a minute to chuckle—"and then," he said, "Bill can come and live with me."

§ §

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JUSTIN RICHARDSON



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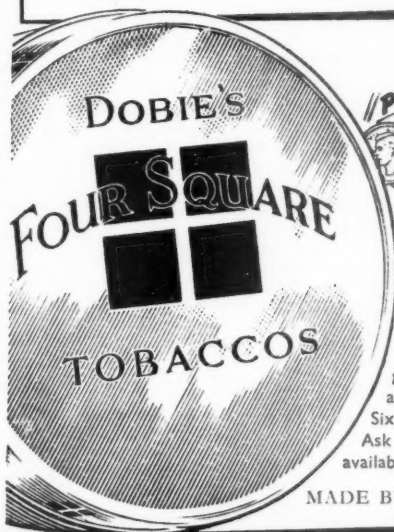
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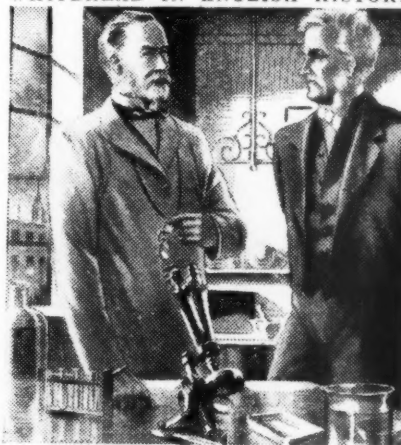
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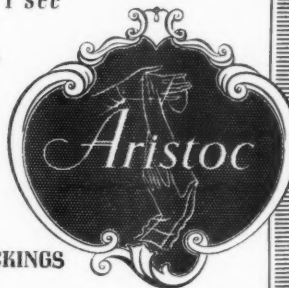
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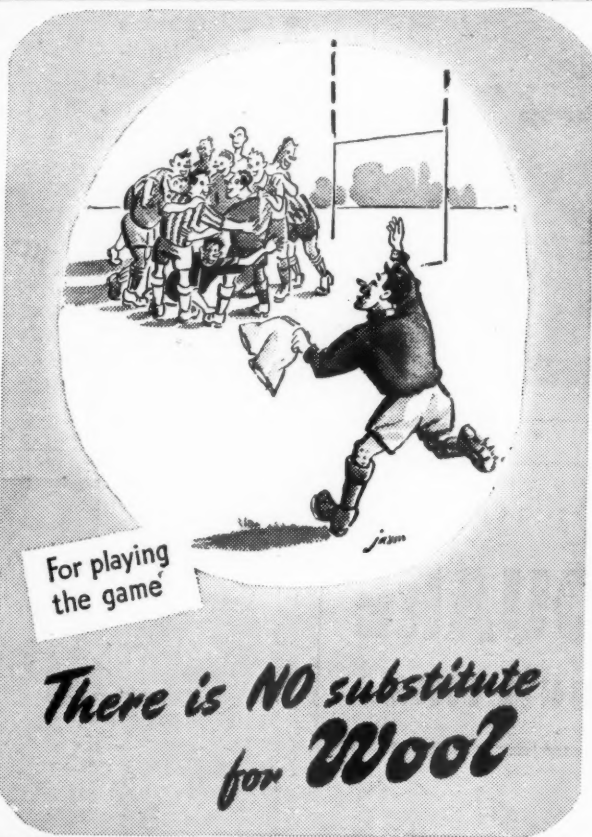
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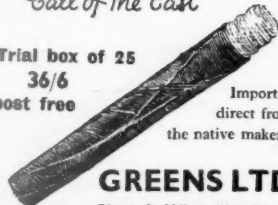
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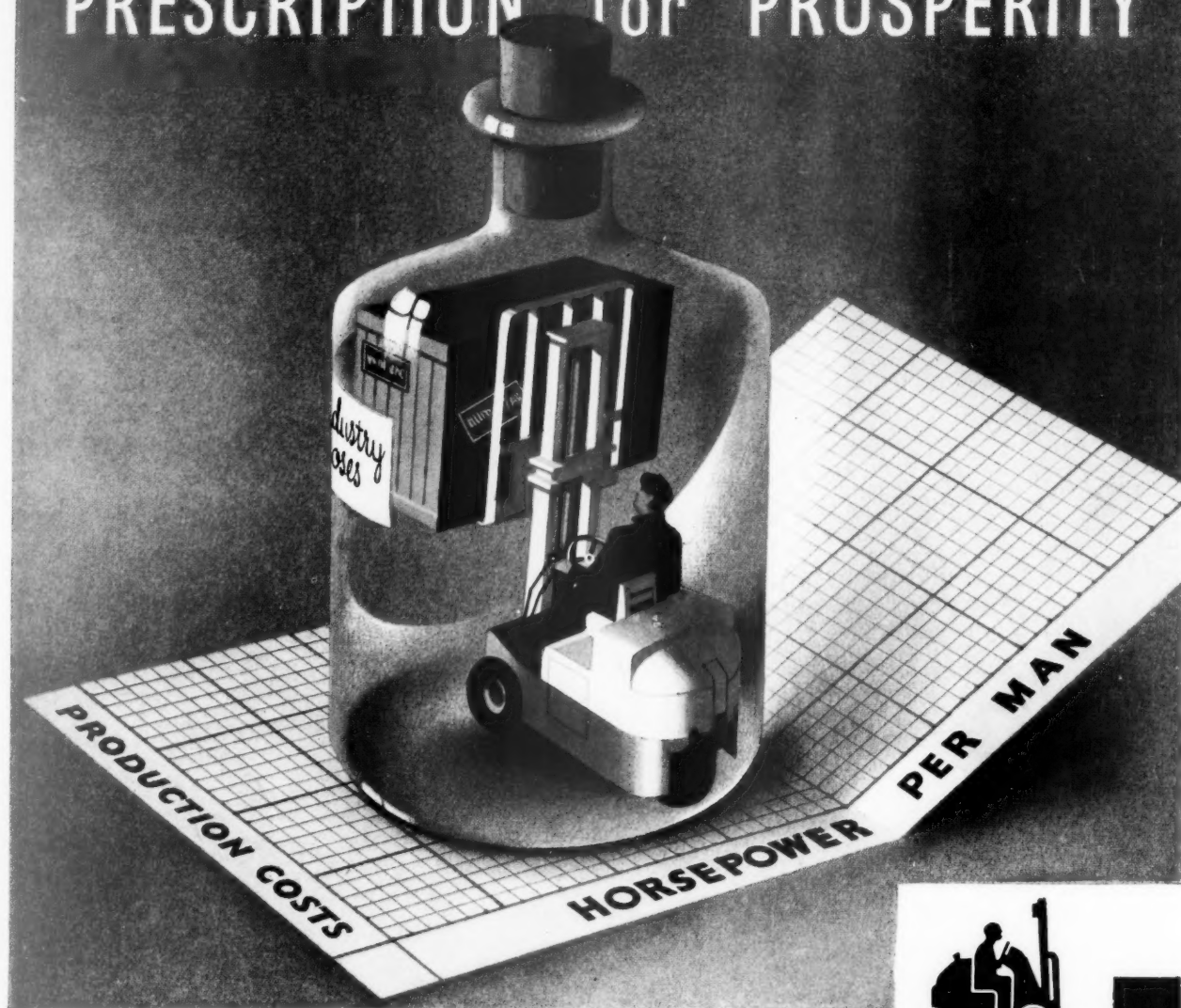


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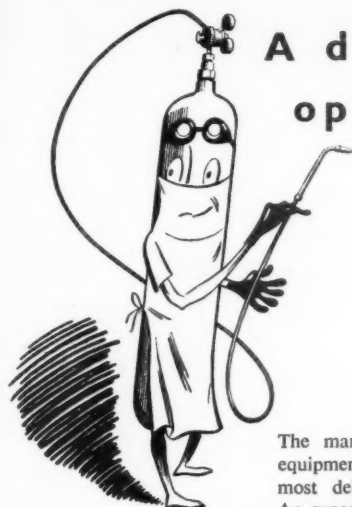
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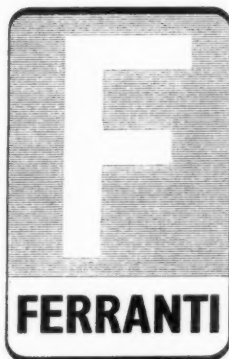
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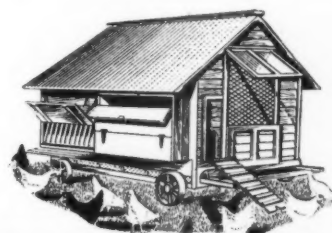
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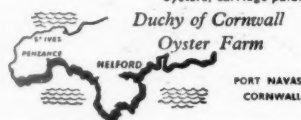
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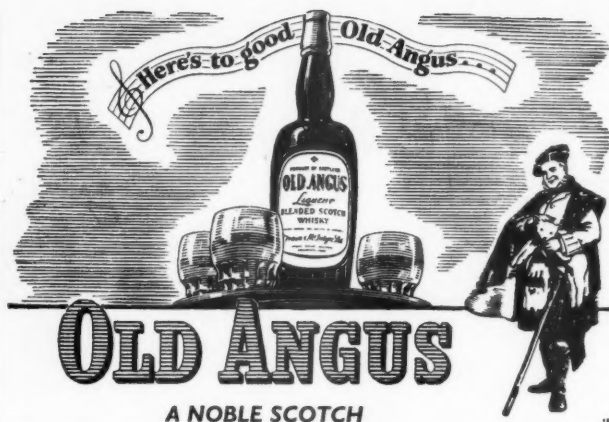
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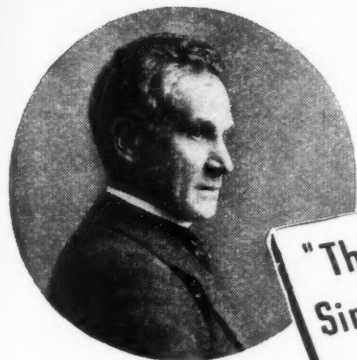
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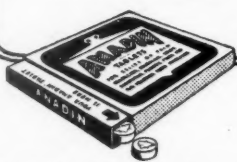


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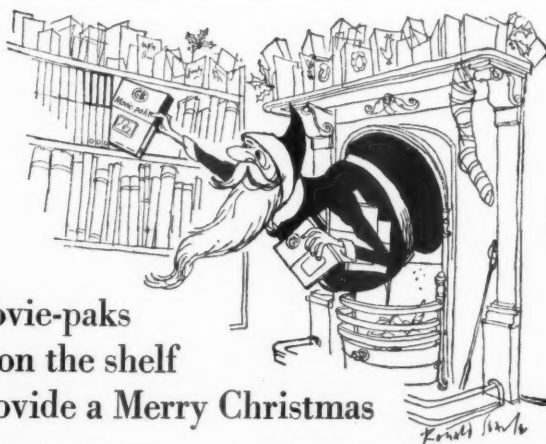
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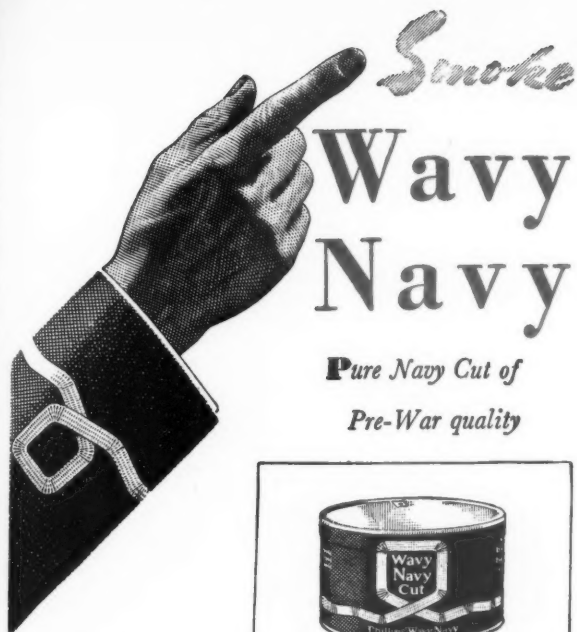
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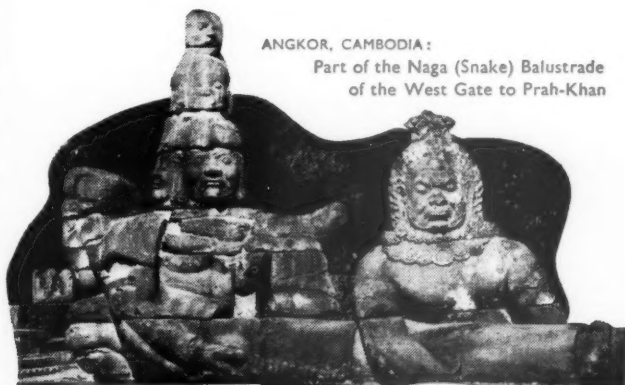


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